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ENID WIGRAM

LADY HELEN STAVORDALE.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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NATURE STUDY . . . IN SCHOOLS

FOR some days past a succession of pundits, including the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Avebury, and Mr. Hanbury, have been delivering exhortations on this subject in connection with the interesting exhibition now being held at the Botanical Gardens. With the aims of the promoters most of us are in complete sympathy, and there is the less need, therefore, to join in the chorus of gushing and vague praise. It will be more profitable to consider the limitations, obstacles, and difficulties in the way. The educational axiom lying at the root of the matter is that the unknown shall be built upon the known, and what is merely learnt from a book is not in a true sense apprehended. When a child is able to string off the names of the African rivers, the mountains of Asia, or the dates of famous battles, it has only performed an exercise of memory, and does not realise the facts behind the long words. Maps of unknown foreign countries, so much in favour with examiners, can be done quite mechanically. Following out the geographical illustration, the natural foundation for such knowledge is the parish. The boy or girl who is taken out of doors and taught from actual observation the lie of the fields and the course of the rivulet winding through, the direction of the roads, and the bridges, hamlets, farms, and houses that are passed, is acquiring real knowledge. So with other subjects; the primary facts are to be apprehended with eye and ear, and on the information thus acquired a wider knowledge can be solidly built. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of carrying these excellent theories into practice is that we are so accustomed to take education from books that some few years ago, when this idea was first adopted, the publishers at once proceeded to bring out a host of small manuals of Nature lessons, so contrived as to enable even this subject to be crammed within doors. In a sense this was necessary, because teachers in elementary schools are themselves the product of a bad system, and have been fed on books. A majority of those in the country are completely

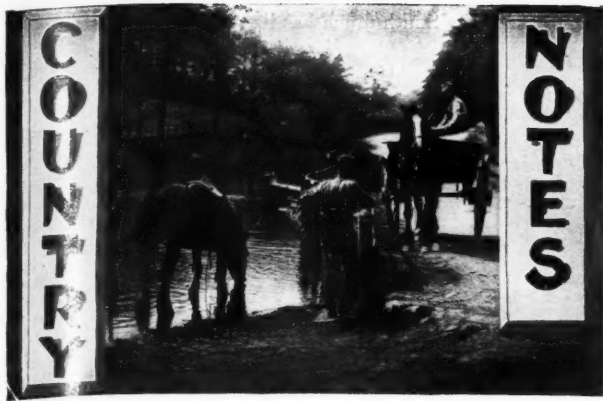
ignorant of the open-air life around them, and the suggestion that they should take their pupils to it for instruction really means the frittering away of valuable time.

There are, it is true, exceptions. In some schools—those of Cheshire, for example—the system has been adopted with admirable results; but the mass of teachers have not been trained to it. They have been brought up in elementary schools, served there as pupil teachers, and gone through a course at the training college, without any effort being made to cultivate in them the required taste. The schoolmistress who, before an inspector of schools, described a hare to her class as “a kind of rabbit” was typical of many others. Let anyone go to a village pedagogue and ask him to name the familiar wild flowers blooming on the roadside, the birds flying about the school, and the common little quadrupeds, it is ten to one against his being able to answer. In this class, as in every other, there are individuals to whom this comment would not apply, but the exceptions only prove the rule. Obviously, then, the first step is to improve the teaching staff. We who have been interested in agriculture are well aware how difficult it is to keep instruction from being diluted into worthless theory. In dairying, for example, the County Councils have spent enormous sums of money to pay “experts,” armed with some sort of diploma, to lecture and teach. But if the results are tested in the grocer's shop it is found that the average quality of English butter remains abominable. There always have been, and we hope always will be, good dairies in this country; but it was not for them the lecturers were employed—it was to improve the bad, and in this there has been absolute failure. In poultry-rearing one finds the same thing has happened. Lecturers have been sent round, and our own observation of them is that their ingenuity is expended in clothing very simple advice in garrulous and elaborate statement. Anyone who starts a fattening establishment will speedily discover that the peasants, anxious as they are to make a little money, and simple as the way appears for them to do so, cannot raise chickens for fattening. But if these things are pointed out, the critic in reply is usually referred to examinations, demonstrations, and so forth. As long as this is so, no real progress is possible. The only system of education worth attention is that which fills the factories with intelligent, skilful workmen, and our shops with products of indisputable excellence.

Yet to all this there is a limitation which does not seem quite clear to the enthusiasts for Nature study. We are thoroughly in favour of outdoor teaching, but at the same time recognise fully that every parent—we speak particularly of country people—cannot be expected to wish that all his children should grow up as farm labourers, dairy workers, or market gardeners. It is quite legitimate for him to entertain other ambitions for his offspring, and, for example, to insist upon a boy with a taste for mechanics living out his life on an allotment would be intolerable. On the other hand, it is recognised in practice that certain elements of education are necessary to every pupil, whatever be his station in life. Before attempting to specialise it is essential that a boy should be able to read, write, and cypher. So with outdoor teaching. It makes no difference what career awaits a pupil—he will be all the better for learning the use of his hand, eye, and ear, and for acquiring a knowledge of his natural surroundings. The point for the authorities to determine then is: What amount of Nature study shall be considered elementary, and therefore to be required of all scholars independent of individual aims? Proposals which assume that children at elementary schools may be taught the rustic arts, and fitted to take their places in farm and garden, may be dismissed as impracticable. We want, on the contrary, to turn out boys with an all-round physical development, and an all-round intelligence, so that into whatever branch of human activity they may drift, to it they will bring minds and bodies equally adaptable. This to the extremists may appear to be a modest programme, but it has the merit of being one that can be carried out. In time it would, if persevered with, indubitably improve the quality of labour both in town and country. And it really is the one important point in educational reform. For it is one thing to regulate in Parliament the manner in which schools are to be conducted, quite another to formulate the aims and ideals of a national education. But the latter is the more important, since both in town and country we are face to face with a competition that can only be combated by increased skill in our labourers.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece is a new portrait of Lady Helen Stavordale, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, formerly Lady Helen Stewart, whose marriage was a great social event. Elsewhere will be found a portrait of the Countess Beauchamp, until very recently Lady Lettice Grosvenor, and another of the Hon. Marcus Herbert Pelham, the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, who is also Baroness Conyers in her own right.



THOUGHTOUT the country profound satisfaction is felt and expressed at the King's rapid recovery. It lays to rest in a very effectual manner the stories for some time current of his seizure by a large variety of deadly ailments. No man at His Majesty's age could so soon have regained health unless he had a very strong constitution. At present nothing appears likely to come in the way of the Coronation celebration on August 9th. Some little criticism has been put forward in regard to its having been made a Bank Holiday in a summer somewhat rich in these festive occasions; but no other course was possible. No doubt the King, after his severe illness, will be glad to have the ceremony kept as quiet as possible, and the lesson of the crisis is that we should accept the blessing of his crowning in a spirit of sober thankfulness. All the same, business will be interfered with to such an extent that a Bank Holiday was inevitable. Nevertheless, it is, in our opinion, desirable that the occasion should be celebrated with quiet thankfulness. The fact of the King escaping this fell disease as by a miracle is matter for sober gratitude rather than loud merry-making.

"The foundation-stone on which alone can be built the permanent prosperity of South Africa." Such are the words used of irrigation by Mr. W. Wilcocks, who, after thirty years' experience in India and Egypt, was employed by Lord Milner to examine the capabilities of the two new colonies from the agricultural point of view. We have no doubt that Mr. Wilcocks is right in his judgment upon these countries, where rain is absent when it is wanted, but abundant when it is not required—a state of things very different from that which prevails in the inland parts of Australia, where rain is nearly always absent. Less doubt still have we that Lord Milner, a very able man who has seen Egyptian irrigation, will take immediate steps in the direction indicated by Mr. Wilcocks. It will be remembered that in the will of Mr. Rhodes, that wonderful testament, much space and attention are devoted to the same subject.

"I like to see the green fields, the sown land, the cultivated plots." These, the recent words of General Lucas Meyer, are the very best commentary on the report of Mr. Wilcocks. The verdure of England is the thing which impresses this son of the neglected veldt, who hates London and its blackness with the instructive revulsion to be expected from one of his upbringing. In irrigation lies the future of his country under our rule, which in the long run means free institutions. Goldfields and diamond-mines must, in the nature of things, pass away, but the agricultural potentialities of South Africa will last for ever, when once they have been made available, if only they are skilfully husbanded. Irrigation will cost a great deal of money, £30,000,000 it is stated, but it will be money invested with the certainty of a great return. "Irrigate, irrigate, irrigate," should be the motto of South Africa.

It is unfortunate that the first claim for the return of moneys paid for Coronation seats should have been tried only by a County Court Judge of no great eminence, who himself desired that his decision, which was for the defendant absolutely, might be carried to a higher court. Still more unlucky is it that plaintiff's counsel, although he formally asked for leave to appeal, should have been compelled to admit that he did not think it at all likely that the appeal would be prosecuted. Something more authoritative and final than this is clearly required in a case of such far-reaching importance. Meanwhile there is no cause for saying anything against the conduct of the defendant seat owner. He refused to return the money paid, but he offered some portion of it. The plaintiff refused to accept what was offered, and now he gets nothing. "He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay." But all the same there is a crying need for a strong and clear decision on the point of law.

Among the agricultural shows that annually receive a hearty welcome that at Tring holds a first place. One reason probably is that it is as attractive to the man in the street as to the expert in agriculture. Those who arrange it have devoted special pains to the art of making it interesting. Here you have no deadly dull competition of meritorious animals, but everything as far as possible is subjected to a practical test. It is tried whether the horses can run and jump or not, the cows are not only inspected, but subjected to the ordeal of the milking pail and butter test, while the sheepdogs have actually to herd and pen sheep. To its admirable management is no doubt owed the success of the show, though, of course, it has the great advantage of being held as it were within hail of London. But whatever the cause, it is highly satisfactory to find that the entries of Shire horses, cattle, and so on this year surpass those of any previous exhibition. Financially the show is on a very sound basis, as for many years back it has been run at a profit, and one can only hope that the present year will witness a substantial addition to the funds.

The committee of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, under the presidency of Sir James Gibson Craig, has decided to accept a long-standing invitation of Canadian curlers to send a British (chiefly, we may suppose, a Scottish) team of curlers to Canada in the course of the ensuing winter. The Rev. John Kerr, minister of Dirleton, who, by the way, contributed the Curling chapter to the Badminton Series, was the mover of the resolution, and in proposing it mentioned that he had received letters approving the project from Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, from Lord Strathcona, Lord Breadalbane, Lord Elgin, Lord Mansfield, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and many other distinguished Scottish noblemen and gentlemen. Sir John Gilmour of Montrave seconded the motion, which was unanimously carried, and a sub-committee was then and there appointed to choose the team and arrange the details of the proposed tour. There can be no doubt, we imagine, of an enthusiastic welcome being accorded by the curlers of Canada to the visiting team.

A British Commission is going out again to Switzerland to consider the methods under which rifle shooting is conducted in that country, especially with regard to the "independent" firing, as it is called, and the manner of target or mark employed. The very rational principle guiding the Swiss competitions seems to be that the conditions should be as far as is feasible approximated to the conditions of real war. Thus the marks at which the riflemen have to aim are sometimes in the likeness of a man on a galloping horse. Sometimes they are just the likeness of the head of a man aiming back at you from above a boulder. Of course, there always is this considerable difference between these circumstances and those of actual warfare, that neither the galloping man nor the head looking over the boulder can shoot back; no doubt that makes a difference—a considerable difference—in the coolness and steadiness with which you aim. Nevertheless, there is an approximation to the conditions of war in the nature of the mark which cannot fail to be, so far, good. There is a further approximation in that each man is allowed to choose his own position for firing. This is not the first British Commission that has gone out to see if it can learn something of value from the Swiss rifle competitions, and there can be no doubt that the lessons of the late war have been in the direction of proving that the Swiss method of education is the right one for the military rifle shot—in a mountainous country, at all events.

The original fiasco over the Mackinnon Cup at Bisley was more than atoned for by the pretty contest of Monday, which all interested persons could watch without having their attention distracted by other competitions. All those familiar with the Common expected the result which followed, in the form of an easy victory for Canada, and the fact that this was the general anticipation adds to the credit belonging to Australia's action in offering to re-shoot the match after the prize had been formally awarded to them. It is good to be able to record that their conduct was highly appreciated, and that a happier gathering than that of the representatives of the Home Countries and the Colonies which Mr. Humphry addressed at the firing point could not be desired. But as men went away they could not help thinking that another result of the match was to make things look very dark for the English team which is going to Canada.

An enormous circle of friends and of yachtsmen generally will rejoice that Mr. Lorne Currie and his two friends escaped from the wreck of the Scotia III., for there is no keener yachtsman nor more agreeable companion. With characteristic modesty he makes little of the accident, yet draws a picture of it in a sentence which leaves a vivid impression. One can see the capsized yacht lying with her mainsail flat on the water, and the amateur skipper, who is a fine big man, walking over the sail,

and so completing the capsizing. Then follows a vision of him swimming round and seeing his friends clinging to the keel. The whole was clearly a narrow escape, for which thanks are due to M. Despujol, of the Ephemère.

Mr. Lorne Currie, who is a nephew of Sir Donald Currie, and married to a French wife, resides at Havre for the purpose of supervising the business of the Union Castle Line at that port. He is a devoted yachtsman, who has owned an exceptionally large number of yachts for so young a man. He is, indeed, nearly as well known at Cowes and at Southampton as he is in France. In Canada, too, where he made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to capture the Seawanaker Cup, he soon formed a large circle of warm friends and admirers, who will all agree that one sentence in the interview which a newspaper man had with him is exactly himself. "This morning I found the 'Scotia's' insurance policy, which is quite lucky, as I had forgotten that she was insured." Let us hope that the "Scotia" was not the yacht in the cabin of which were some recently executed pictures by Mr. H. Seppings Wright.

We cannot altogether dissociate ourselves from those who think the Government has made a mistake in allowing Mr. Austin Dobson a pension of £250 a year from the Literary Fund. This is not at all on account of Mr. Dobson himself. He has been a small but very genuine voice in the literature of his day. Those vignettes of the eighteenth century which it was his special province to produce are *sui generis*. Against him personally we have nothing to say, but, on the contrary, much in praise and admiration. Yet he is a civil servant who retires from work on an adequate allowance. The Literary Fund is not a large one at the best, and we doubt if it be right to make any grant so large as £250 a year from it. Tennyson had a hundred a year, and this seems a fair sum, since the aim is to save the indigent from want, not to provide luxuries for those who are comparatively wealthy. Indeed, it seems to us that the money would be more usefully devoted to the help of those who are poor and struggling than to eke out the income of a retired civil servant. And when all is said and done, Mr. Austin Dobson is not a Tennyson, or even a Swinburne.

A GARDEN BORDER.

Like sentinels on either hand
The tall white phlox take up their stand,
Red clove carnations brush my feet,
Grey calyx rent by petals sweet,
Sweet Williams, too, are not forgot
Within my summer garden plot;
And southernwood—"boy's love" we call
It country fashion—against the wall,
With lavender and balsam grow,
A hueless, fragrant, old-world row!

EDITH C. M. DART.

The advocates of Garden Cities who last week held a meeting at Port Sunlight found in Mr. W. H. Lever something of a Balaam. Instead of prophesying smooth things, he told them frankly that "the real reason why they had to pay £330 now for a house that used to cost £200 was the fact that the men engaged in house-building did not turn out the same amount of work as they used to." This brought forth many expressions of dissent, and subsequent speakers vigorously protested. But after listening to them Mr. Lever did not change his opinion. In his concluding speech he declared the statement we have quoted to be perfectly true, and if they could tell him where the increased amount had gone, otherwise than in the direction he had stated, he would like to have the information. One hopes that the working man will not be so foolish as to take this frankness amiss. Few of them are aware what their own action is likely to lead to, and for that reason they ought to listen attentively to what is said by a man like Mr. Lever, who has given abundant proof that he has their interest at heart.

It is difficult to agree with the conclusion arrived at by the Conference, which was, in brief, that the task of establishing garden cities should be undertaken by the Government. We hope that the Government will have more sense. The individual trader or manufacturer is the proper person to decide where his calling should go on, whether it should remain in the heart of a city or be transferred to a rural district. The Government would enjoy no long life that ordered a Northampton boot manufacturer, for instance, to transfer his shop and warehouse to the wilds of Northumberland, or any other scarcely populated district.

Last year at this time we in the Southern Counties were already in the middle of harvest, but this season the hay has not been all saved yet. Much remains out, and it was very seriously damaged by the storm of last week. The corn, too, suffered from one of the most terrific hurricanes of recent years. In the North

it was not so far advanced as to be susceptible of really serious injury, but in the South much has been already laid in a manner that will prevent it from being cut by the reaping machines. The year has, in point of fact, been a very extraordinary one, and the agricultural outlook has gone up and down in a manner truly remarkable. When things were at their worst a spell of redeeming fine weather came, but no sooner was the prospect improved than we were visited by a change that seems to justify the sad forebodings. The nett result will not be known till after harvest; but in the meantime it seems clear that hay is not quite so good a crop as was at one time expected, and in many cases has been saved with difficulty. Grain is not at present very promising. Roots are good, however, and the pastures in a very satisfactory condition.

As the news about the grouse becomes more immediately important—that is to say, as the Twelfth comes nearer—it does not grow by any means more reassuring. Of course, it is different news from different parts, but nowhere do the grouse seem to be specially good, and in many parts, in most parts, they are distinctly bad—few in numbers and very backward. Backward would not matter, if there was a chance that they would give good sport later. So far, however, is that from being the case, that we hear of moors where there will be no shooting at all, moors that were left at last season's close with perhaps a better stock than they ever have carried before at the end of the season. It does not seem that the recognised grouse disease is the reason of this general failure. It is a consequence, and a very natural one, of the continued inclemency of the spring and summer. Even within a week of the date of writing we hear of snow in a usually mild county of Scotland, bordering on the Moray Firth. The times are out of joint.

Very singular, and apparently very capricious and motiveless, are the movements of fish. The present is a year when most things are late, yet the fishermen on the Suffolk coast, near the Essex border, say that they never have known the codlings in so early. September appears to be the chief month for these fish off that coast, but even in July of this year a few were being taken. Another curious fact of the same kind that those fishers notice is that the herrings have appeared further north along the Essex coast than they have been seen before. Of course the shoals are in abundance, at their season, further North again; but generally there is a gap in which they do not appear. This year the gap has been in some degree filled by an enterprising shoal working round the south-eastern corner of our islands, and further northward than the southern shoals usually come. Such, at least, would seem to be their itinerary.

Most people, it is to be feared, know Norfolk Island better from the very curious and rigid pine trees which are called after it, and from the old stories of the mutiny of the Bounty, than from any special knowledge of its present condition. Lord Carrington, however, who addressed an interesting meeting at the Mansion House on Monday, really speaks with authority in the matter, for he has been Governor of New South Wales, and in that capacity he has visited the island, where he was waited on by twelve parlourmaids, twelve cooks, and the same number of housemaids, and saw the Parliament meet, consisting of all the males over seventeen in the island. Now Norfolk Island, which is wonderfully fertile but cannot get its produce to market, wants to be provided with a schooner of its own. We hope it may get the ship, and that prosperity may dawn on the island, whose history is interesting but chequered.

A very interesting visitor arrived in Dublin last week in the shape of a fine young male giraffe, aged about a year and nine months, which was made a present to the Dublin Zoological Gardens by Butler Bey, who formerly resided in the Irish metropolis. This giraffe was captured near El Obeid, in Egypt, and performed a long and hazardous journey before reaching its final destination, having tramped 600 miles across the desert, and then made the sea voyage from Alexandria to Liverpool, from which port it was transhipped for Dublin. Some difficulty was expected in the passage of this abnormally long-necked animal beneath railway tunnels, and in the streets under electric and other overhead wires, but none really occurred. The giraffe was under the care of two Soudanese attendants, who must have taken excellent care of it, as it arrived in splendid condition. It was also thought that some trouble would take place in transferring the animal from the large crate in which it came, to its new quarters in the Zoo, and to prevent an attempt to break loose strong ropes were attached to its head, neck, and shoulders, and a dozen stalwart men held on to them. The animal made a fierce struggle for freedom, but as soon as it found that its efforts were futile it allowed itself to be taken to the new house which had been prepared for its reception. It is now forty years since the Dublin Zoo possessed a giraffe.

SEASIDE JOYS.

DISTANT white cliffs and green downs running inland from their crest far as eye can reach; the yellow riband of sand, barred at intervals with green-black groynes, rough with mussels and fringed with green laver and black bladder wrack; blue-grey sea, flecked with breakers, meeting the yellow sand-riband on one horizon and the blue sky on another; the faint blurr of distant smoke from ocean-going steamers; the shimmering July sun, and seven laughing youngsters—what more can you want to complete a picture of perfect happiness?

Bare-legged, half-clad, hand in hand, they stream across the level stretch of sand towards "the" groyne. But they are leaving groynes behind them? Yes, that is true; but the groyne differs from the others, because its timber is raised a foot or two above the receding tide, and, being slippery with seaweed, it offers quite a chance of a tumble into salt water with all your clothes on: which is one of the real charms of the real seaside. Perhaps if grown-ups elected to sit—as, you may be sure, they never would—upon anything so clammy, and at the same time so prickly, as a barnacled groyne from which the seaweed still drips into the sinking tide, they would choose its landward end, where at least they could plant their feet upon the shingle. But childhood has other notions, and to dangle bare legs over rippling water has an added charm when balancing feats are needed to reach the slippery perch. It is not rudeness which makes most of them roar with laughter



E. T. Sheaf. AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

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because an elder sister has screamed and tip-toed, with gathered skirts, up the beach to escape three inches of water. It is the conscious superiority of youth, which would as soon as not stand upon its head in a rock-pool full of crabs. We have all been young; but, alas! we can only be young once.

Even in childhood sex has its distinctions. Dot, aged six, may balance herself as fearlessly as Tommy, aged five and three-quarters, upon the slippery groyne; but when it comes to undressing in public for a bath she draws the line, like her sisters. And so long as a boy wears blouses with frilled collars he counts as a girl; so Baby Dick stays with his sisters, while the four "men" of the party adjourn to the bathing-place. A boy who proposes to enter the sea sheds his clothes almost as suddenly as a ripe falling chestnut its skin, and before you realise what those boys were after when they went racing and screaming down to the end of the buttressed groyne, you see first one and then another gleaming white in the sunlight, garbed like Greek statues.

Only a snap-shot camera catches them thus, however, for bathing drawers slip on in "half a jiffy," and with rainbow stripes around his middle the

erstwhile Greek statue is fit to face the whole Urban District Council and its policeman, more or less naked, but unashamed and strictly legal.

Vests are by no means such accommodating garments as bathing drawers. They have a pestilent habit of shrinking in the wash, and usually it takes two boys to remove the vest from



E. T. Sheaf.

A PICTURE OF PERFECT HAPPINESS.

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E. T. Sheaf.

GARBED LIKE GREEK STATUES.

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one of them. When the vest has been many times to the wash the operation of "peeling" a friend is quite a job; for, curve his body as he may, it clings to the shoulder-blades like a stretched glove. This obstacle passed, however, it slips over head and arms like a thimble over a pea, and before anybody can say "That's right!" the pulling friend is on his back with the soles of his feet uppermost. After such a catastrophe a grown-up would commiserate with his friend, and tell his other friends afterwards "how absurd the fellow looked" as he lay on his back with his legs in the air; but in boyhood it is by common consent permissible to be vastly amused at your friends' "croppers," so long as no real damage is done. And the best of the joke is that when your friends have picked themselves up they are as heartily amused as you.

But grown-ups and their ideas are never of much account, at the seaside anyway. Here comes your elder sister, for instance, making a futile concession to the genius of the place, by leaving her shoes and stockings above high-water mark; but what can she do in the way of bathing or even paddling with a frock that sweeps the ground? So she potters about on the damp margin of the sand, and objects to scrambling upon rocks because the mussels prick her feet; but she gives herself great airs of grown-upness when she poses with field-glasses to make out the funnels of the liner on the horizon. This affords you an

which was so long in the waist and so slack in the storage, assumes the proper degrees of clinging tightness; and even were it otherwise, the captured sea creatures which you hand



E. T. Sheaf.

"PEELING" A FRIEND.

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to your friend will tickle his palm just as nicely whether his bathing drawers sag or no. At the ages of eight and ten you can afford to let your elder sister have a monopoly of thinking whether her bathing costume fits. You bathe: she dresses the part.

FROM THE . PAVILION.

I REALLY do think that the loss of the fourth test match was just about the most aggravating thing that could have happened. We were so near and yet so far, for those three miserable runs are just as potent to score the loss of a match against us as one hundred times as many would have been; and what is worse, we cannot now retrieve our position, as even if we were to win at the Oval, such a success would "save our face" indeed, but it would not prevent the odd trick from being scored against us. In a general way the gods have not been good to us; they permitted us to win the toss on two occasions and to take due advantage of our fortune; then, when all seemed smiling, they let loose such a deluge of water on us that, in the first case at least, we just failed to push our advantage home. Then, to balance matters, they gave the toss to our opponents twice, and they did manage to win; easily the first time, but after a terrific struggle the second. Never, probably, has a more exciting match been witnessed than the



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"THAT'S RIGHT!"

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one which ended last week. First one side had the advantage and then the other, till at last, at the third day's end, when one good hit would have put us in front, that one good hit was wanting, and we lost all chance of the glorious excitement that would have attended a rubber match at the Oval. Let us look at the wonderful vicissitudes of the game. The Australians make a splendid start, thanks to Trumper, the best bat in the world to-day, and Duff, the first wicket falling at about 150. Australia can hardly lose, it would seem. Hill and Darling take up the story, and the Australian position seems assured, even if the tail fails, which it does, being unable to cope with Lockwood. A first innings of 299 is not, perhaps, a winning score necessarily, but it is probably a "saving" score, especially when five English wickets fall for 75, as was the case on the first day, the results pointing to a safe and sure victory for our friendly foes who have come over the sea and far away. On Friday the whole situation is turned upside down. Jackson and Braund make so fine a stand that the English total is run up to 262, only 37 runs short of the Australian, and not a serious clog in a match when the scoring is fairly liberal. When on the top of this eight of the enemy are defeated, chiefly by the all-conquering Lockwood, and only 85 runs have been scored, the situation is "upside" for the second time, and the English prospects on Friday evening are even more brilliant than the Australian prospects of Thursday night. Then come six hours of solid rain, deferring the morning's play and possibly



E. T. Sheaf.

A SLIPPERY PERCH.

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Braund and Jackson whose clever batting enabled us to make a good show on the second day, Jackson being so accurate and sure that one can hardly understand how he contrived

to hit a full pitch in the second innings into Gregory's hands, albeit he laid well on to the ball, so that it came to the fieldsman at a great pace; but "great pace" is nothing to Gregory. Winning the toss was a great help to Australia, as scoring was quite as easy on Thursday morning as it was difficult on Thursday evening; easy next morning, the pitch turned difficult again by the afternoon; and the last half of the game was played under conditions which compelled men to fight hard for their runs.

Shrewsbury has done so many great things that one wonders how it is that he has waited so long before he has scored two centuries in the same game. He performed the feat, which is far less uncommon than it used to be, against Gloucestershire last week by making 101 and 127 not out, the latter innings being one run higher than the 126 which Jessop made for Gloucestershire, but which did not save his county from defeat. Another great finish was provided at the meeting of Kent and Middlesex, the latter county winning by five runs its first victory of the season, thanks to good bowling by Trott, Hearne, and Rawlin. W. J. FORD.

PEACE.

THE small white clouds, suspended rather than floating in the sky, seemed painted on the blue ether. The waters of the loch softly kissed the

sedge and grasses that grew round its margin. The mountains that encircled the loch on three sides were beautified by a golden haze, which brightened their tints until the higher and more



E. T. Sheaf.

CAPTURED SEA CREATURES.

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affecting the wicket and the cricket. One run is added by the last two men, and England is left with 124 runs to get to win, say eleven runs per man and just three for "extras." The further process of the match reached me in a series of telegrams, the first of which, sent at lunch-time, reported "36 for none," and we rejoiced. The match seemed a certainty. When "75 for three" came down the wire, there seemed to be no cause for anxiety; but "five for 97" showed that the Australians were putting up a hard fight, and one remembered that Tate is not a great batsman; still we were full of hope, almost of confidence. Then came a long break in the series of telegrams, due, as we rightly guessed, to an interruption by rain, which we feared might filch victory from us; at last came the crushing news, "England all out 120," and it was realised that those sacred "ashes" were still in the custody of others. It was a great triumph for the Colonials, whose bowling and fielding were magnificent. Trumble and Saunders won the match in a sense, as they got all the ten wickets between them, but many others had a finger in the pie—the four batsmen originally mentioned, together with Gregory; Hill, who made the marvellous catch which sent back Lilley at a most critical moment, the hit being really a remarkably fine one; while all the fielding was superb. The men who deserve sympathy on the English side are, to my mind, Tate and Rhodes, who had to wait for forty-five long minutes with the knowledge that they had to go in and get eight runs to win the game—this must have been a severe trial to nerves; but Tate, nerves notwithstanding, hit a "fourer" at once; three balls later, however, Saunders hit his wicket *en revanche*, and all was over. It was



E. T. Sheaf.

SEASIDE JOYS: FACING THE BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

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rugged peaks seemed smiling down at the dimpled rounded tops below them. The cry of the grouse and the bleating of rams blended harmoniously from out the heather.

On the fourth side was the border of a wood. The trees whispered a lullaby to the wayfaring lad who lay prone on the carpet of pine needles beneath them. The hidden burn betrayed itself by a pleasant murmur as it glided through the tangled undergrowth. Once there was a strange stillness, as though Nature held her breath. Then the wind suddenly rose, and a shiver ran through the reeds as the waters of the loch beat against them with a quickened wash. The smile of the mountains was

changed into a frown by the shadows of the clouds hurrying overhead. Birds and beasts were scared as they sought shelter from the rain that fell in drenching showers. Gone was the golden sunshine, gone was the drowsy quietness, but peace remained. For the boy lay motionless, with ears deaf to the creaking of the pine boughs, all unheeding the rain that pattered upon his white upturned face and upon the half-withered bunch of yellow mountain pansies that his left hand held so closely to his breast. His lips were curved with that wondrous smile that tells of an end of life's bustle and turmoil, and speaks, albeit silently, of the presence of Eternal Peace.

W. S.

Mr. CRIDLAN'S ABERDEEN-ANGUS HERD

AMONG the most noticeable features of this year's agricultural exhibitions has been the triumphal progress of the black bull Elate, who has carried all before him wherever he has been shown. This may well be a cause of pride to his owner, who for some years has been trying to realise the darling ambition of his life by becoming the owner of a tip-top herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle. It is an ideal that came very natural to one who was, as it were, born to be a breeder. His father, who, we are glad to say, is still alive, when in his heyday was an unsurpassed judge of cattle, dead or alive, and "like father like son" is a proverb that fits here with singular accuracy. Mr. Cridlan himself has long been recognised as a first-rate authority on Aberdeen-Angus cattle. He is vice-president of the Aberdeen-Angus Club and president-elect for 1903; but probably the greatest compliment ever paid him occurred when he was asked to judge his favourite breed on its native heath—that is to say, at the Highland Agricultural Society's meeting at Perth in 1900, and again in 1902. On each occasion the first prize animal made the highest price known—viz., 360 guineas. There will be no more worlds for him to conquer if he should succeed in beating the Scotch at Aberdeen, for which quest he is now faring forth with the redoubtable Elate. It is needless to add that when the English Aberdeen Association was established two years ago, he was one of the



F. Jones.

ELATE AT HOME.

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first members of the council. It is doing very well, by the by, having already enrolled over sixty members, while the bull sales started at Bingley Hall are already an assured success. Mr. Cridlan bases his preference for black cattle on his belief that they are the very best for providing beef. A good Aberdeen-Angus is so compact that it looks almost small, and its flesh is packed exactly at the right places. This flesh, too, has a quality not to be found in any other breed of cattle, though in saying so one does not wish to be disrespectful to the others, such, for example, as Devons, of which much in praise may be spoken.

The Maisemore herd must be described as a very young one. It was in 1898, on his father's retirement from business, that Mr. Cridlan purchased the pretty estate of Maisemore Park. And very beautiful it looked on Midsummer day, when the writer, being a visitor there, rose, as is his custom, early in the morning, and climbed the nearest hill to survey the landscape. There was the ancient city of Gloucester, or, rather, there was the fair cathedral with some houses round it; so beautiful and dignified it looked in the morning light that it dwarfed all adjacent buildings. Further away were the circling Cotswolds, the very sight of which seemed to impart a new freshness to the air. Near at hand was the winding Severn. It will be remembered that at that time occurred the marvellous change from wet to sunny weather. The country therefore looked very green, and especially the rich Severn meadows wherein Mr. Cridlan's



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THE FAMOUS EVERGREEN II. AND HER TWINS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

black cattle were grazing. He certainly chose an ideal estate for his purpose. Half round it the Severn throws an arc, and though there is plenty of poor soil near, that on the estate is as good as can be found in England. Some amateur vagrants had, by the owner's leave, pitched a tent close to Severn's shore, hard by a weir over which the full waters rushed with ceaseless murmur, and had they been real pioneers, they must have realised what a fertile spot they had come to. But they were youngsters in the holiday-time of life, and loved the wild roses, then beginning to expand, more than grass and fat cattle. The estate is about two miles out of Gloucester, and for long was in the possession of Sir Thomas Robinson, who used to represent the city in Parliament. It was purchased by Mr. Cridlan on the death of its previous owner. Recently it has become quite a place of pilgrimage for Americans searching England for good cattle; but the owner, while engaged in the arduous task of building up his herd, has been very chary about allowing any to go out of the country. It must indeed be a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish sort of policy to allow the herd at this stage to be depleted of its choicest and best-bred animals. Such a collection as we have here is the result not only of much



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THREE RENOWNED DAMS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

well. The foundation of the herd was laid by the purchase on July 22nd, 1898, at the sale of Mr. W. B. Greenfield, of that fine cow Benefit 6th of Haynes, of the Lady Ida or Blackbird tribe, so popular with the United States buyers, who have nearly depleted the country of this strain. This cow produced in

February last a fine bull calf, sired by the champion bull Elate, and is a winner of several first and other prizes; her heifer calf was first prize yearling at the Royal Agricultural Society of England Show. This purchase was quickly followed by others from the leading herds of Scotland. Evergreen 2nd (21,835), a Trojan Erica cow, bought at the Auchorachan sale, has a lineage of unsurpassable excellence: Out of that grand cow Evergreen (9,929), sold at the Minmore sale with her calf at foot for 405 guineas; her grandam was the famous Erica Edelweiss, and she has for her three top sires those great champion bulls Equestrian, Justice, and Young Viscount; and a very worthy descendant she is, being at eight years old as true and perfect in her lines as a youngster, although four out of five of her progeny are present on the estate to bear evidence of her regular maternity—i.e., Evergreen 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, the two latter by Elate (16,513). Pride of Dido, another purchase at the



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IN THE PASTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

expenditure in time and money, but also of judgment and skill ripened by the teaching of a lifetime. And if the lines followed have been true and sound, as we think they have been, then each great bull that is produced has more to do than merely win prizes in the showyard—he ought to transmit his fine qualities to posterity, improved by being matched with cows of equal breeding with himself. It is evident, however, that the herd will soon have to be very considerably reduced, as it is rapidly outgrowing the accommodation. Mr. Cridlan is bit by bit adding to and improving the buildings, and so on. Plans and specifications have already been drawn up by his architect for the erection of new cattle boxes and buildings that will be erected in the autumn. But in spite of all that a sale has become practically necessary.

In forming a herd of Scotch cattle in England it was certainly advisable to go for the foundation to the best blood in Scotland. And this is exactly what has been done at Maisemore, though one or two of the best English herds were drawn upon as

same sale, has a pedigree vieing with the former, being of the Mulben strain of the Prides of Aberdeen; this cow has at foot a fine bull calf by Eimeo. Darien 3rd, of the Sybil tribe, another purchase at the Auchorachan sale, has for sire the valuable 300-guinea Ballindalloch stock bull Bion, now sold to a United States breeder. Following these purchases Mr. Cridlan selected at the Blairmore sale in September, 1891, the highly-bred bull Eimeo (12,450) as stock bull to head the herd. Eimeo was bred by Sir G. McPherson Grant at Ballindalloch, and is a bull of exceptional quality, small in the bone, level and true, a Trojan Erica sired by the champion Prospero of Dalmore, grandsired by the champion Iliad, with the champion bulls Justice and Judge as near ancestors, and the champions Edric and Enthusiast with Prince Iliad as near relatives. In him it is recognised that the owner has kept immediately in view the axiom that the bull is half the herd, and bought one whose veins are full of the bluest blue blood.

From the Glamis famous herd are to be seen the good cow

Bodice (23,565) and the fashionably bred Erica Euphorbia (27,637); the former produced the two year old heifer Boadicea (29,820) and the yearling bull Bodyguard, both being good straight ones, who have received high commendations at the principal shows. Wych Elm (29,284), a young cow, also came from Lord Strathmore's herd, and is of a singular quality and sweetness, full of Witch of Endor blood. Another good cow, Erica Evergreen (22,845), by the champion Edric, seven years old, is full of bloom. From Methlick came specimens of another branch of the Prides of Aberdeen, Maisemore being now represented by those numbered 87, 130, 148, and 178, and by the yearling bull Abandon, out of Pride, No. 130, by Elate; this yearling bull (a May calf) shows exceptional promise, although very young, and is being reserved for a stock bull for the herd. Another Pride cow, a Mulben of importance, is Pride the 13th of Kippendavie (27,613), placed as a yearling at the Highland Society's Show; as a two year old she was second (after a prolonged fight for the premier position) in a large class numbering nearly a score at the Royal Show, York; as a three year old she was awarded second prize at the Royal Counties Show, Weymouth, with her calf Pride of my Heart (31,579), which latter was commended at the Bath and West Show at Plymouth this year. She (being much admired for her symmetry and quality) would no doubt have taken a higher position if she were not a trifle on the small side. Pride of Maisemore (29,827), out of Pride of Dido, is another very pretty heifer. Queen 3rd, of Woodhead (24,121), is another typical cow, a Queen Mother of excellence. Another shapely cow of much substance and merit is Julietta of the Jilt tribe, being long, wide, and deep.

The herd is full of Erica blood, and amongst the females unmentioned are Ettina of Methlick, Ermeta, a strapping two year old, Ermelo, Eulalia, Edwina of Abergeldie (bred by her late Majesty), out of Enclonia, the 155-guinea cow whose dam Echiveria produced the first prize yearling bull (Echador) at the Perth Bull Show and Sale, and which was sold for the highest price on record—i.e., 360 guineas; and last, not least, the grand quality cow Elite (24,028), the highest-priced cow sold at Mr. Egginton's sale, when her calf Exedo fetched the highest price for calves—viz., 105 guineas. Elite is the dam of the now famous Elate, and is suckling another son, Elation, his full brother.

Other important tribes, such as the Ruby, Princess of Kinochtry, Miss Watson, etc., are also well represented, several being sterling stylish cows.

As a two year old the stock bull Elate was first prize winner in the large old class at the Royal Show, Cardiff, and champion male (beating amongst others those good bulls and regular prize-winners Rosador, Governor of Abergeldie, Benygloe),



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BULL CALVES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

first and champion at the Great Yorkshire Show at Bradford, where he was also first and champion gold medal winner, beating that renowned cow Lady May of Advie. This year at the Bath and West Show at Plymouth he was awarded first prize, and champion gold medal. At the Royal Counties Show, Reading, he was also awarded first prize and champion silver medal presented by the English Aberdeen-Angus Association.

Since the early part of this article was written Elate has been taken to Aberdeen, the very home of the famous Scotch breed, and he has carried off the highest honours. He was awarded the first prize of £15 as the best bull in his class, the Polled Cattle Society's gold medal, the Ballindalloch £50 Challenge Cup for the best bull, and the president's gold medal as the best animal in the show. This puts the crown on his career, and it may truly be said that Elate has no more worlds to conquer. However, on the return to the South he will break the journey at Newcastle, being amongst the entries of the Northumberland County Show. Mr. Cridlan is also famous for the steers he produces at the Smithfield Show, many of which have taken the highest honours there.

IN THE GARDEN.

CLIMBING TEA AND NOISETTE ROSES ON TRIPODS.

THE harder section of the above lovely groups when used as pillars are not always a success as far as blossoming is concerned. They grow freely, perhaps too much so, but what flower there is comes on the top of the pillar, and in many cases the growths at the base are without

new wood. There is a remedy for this state of things, and that is to twine the growths around three stakes formed as a tripod. At every bend those growths that are well-ripened will send out a new growth, and in course of time blossom freely. Wood that is only one and two years old will be studded with healthy laterals from which a good supply of flowers may be cut, after which such wood should be removed, when it appears declining in vigour, to be replaced by the younger growths already well advanced upon the plant. The trouble of gaunt, unsightly pillars and climbers could be overcome if bending and twining the growths were resorted to. It is far better than cutting away too lavishly. The main point to aim at is to get flowers. The splendid wood which a Reve d'Or or Duchesse d'Auerstadt will produce only needs skilful training in order to remove the impression that they are shy bloomers.

SHADE TREES FOR STREETS.

In the Middle Ages it was accounted an act of piety to make or maintain a road or a bridge or anything in connection with them that would conduce to the safety or comfort of the wayfarer. The planting of trees for shade or the placing of a shaded bench for rest came in the same category



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FIMEO.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

of pious works. In our days, when rush and hurry and the pressure of business and the worship of bare utility fill the minds of most men, there are many who have almost forgotten the graceful aspects of more leisurely life. It is probably from this cause that so many opportunities are lost that might be seized by those in authority for making the lives of our fellow-creatures somewhat easier and pleasanter. In days of extreme heat what a difference in comfort there would be between the bare sun-baked expanses of the streets of many a town, such as we all know, and the same spaces carefully planted with shade-giving trees.

In very narrow streets trees are, of course, out of the question, or in any street whose width is not enough to allow of easy traffic and trees as well, but one cannot walk through any town, except the very few in which the question has already been considered and satisfactorily answered, without seeing many a street or waste space or corner where a row or a group of trees, or even a single tree, would not add immensely to both beauty and comfort. Where there is plenty of width, and especially where houses fall back a little from the road, the trees may well stand just within the edge of the footpath or pavement. Should there be still more width, there may be a row in the middle of the road. In this case, the middle row of trees should not be quite evenly continuous, but perhaps five or six trees and then a gap, formed by leaving out one tree in order to allow the traffic to move from side to side of the road. In many a town where a street runs north-east and south-west, a row of trees on its south-western side only might be an inestimable boon. Even in country villages there is often a bare place, especially where roads meet, where a few trees well planted and a plain strong oak bench would be a comfort and a pleasure to many hard-working folk, and might be the means of converting unsightliness into beauty.

SOME GOOD STREET TREES.

For towns the Plane has the best character, but other good trees are Wych Elm and Hornbeam, Sycamore, Maple, Lime, Lombardy Poplar, and Horse-chestnut. The spreading growth of the Horse-chestnut commends it rather for a space like the *Place* of a foreign town. Here is also the place for Limes, for though they are good street trees, yet when in bloom the strong sweet scent, although a passing whiff is delicious, might be an annoyance if poured continually into the windows of houses during the blooming time. The wild Cherry, with its quantity of early bloom, would be a beautiful street tree, and for places where trees of rather smaller growth are desired, there is the Bird Cherry and the Mountain Ash. The larger American Ash is a good street tree, in autumn loaded with its handsome bunches of scarlet fruit. The larger Willows are also charming trees for streets. Many of the trees named, if their tops spread too near the houses, may, with good effect, be pollarded about 10ft. from the ground.

RECENT NEW PLANTS.

Iris soforana magnifica.—This is a new *Oncocyclus*, or, to give a simple English name, Cushion Iris, which was shown by Messrs. Wallace and Co., of Colchester, at the Temple Show, and awarded the first-class certificate of the Royal Horticultural Society. The Cushion Irises are wonderfully coloured, and this new comer is no exception, the whole flower being beautifully veined and shaded with purple and chocolate. The first impression is that of some huge dusky butterfly. The best known of this race is the Mourning Iris (*I. susiana*), and to this flower *I. soforana magnifica* bears some resemblance, but is more refined, and the play of light upon the broad standards and falls is very beautiful. It is impossible to so describe the flower as to convey a correct impression of its remarkable colouring.

Carnation Lady Hermoine.—This is probably one of the finest self-coloured Carnations ever raised, and Mr. Martin Smith has reason to feel proud of the latest addition to a long list of wonderful varieties. The flowers are perfect in form, with broad, even, and quite thick petals of a soft salmon-red.

Huechera brizioides gracillima.—A pretty hybrid shown by Messrs. Wallace recently, and welcome for its grace and colouring. The stems are slender and almost grass-like, and lined with rosy scarlet flowers. It will probably be much grown for cutting as well as for the garden.

Fuchsia triphylla superba.—This is a Fuchsia for colour, an intense crimson, deeper even than the parent; its flowers are, as those who know *F. triphylla* will presume, tubular and in drooping clusters, reminding one of *F. corymbiflora*. It is not a Fuchsia for the outdoor garden, but for the greenhouse.

Corydalis thalictrifolia.—This new *Corydalis*, introduced quite recently from China by Messrs. Veitch's traveller, Mr. Wilson, was shown a few weeks ago at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. It grows about 1ft. high and lasts

in flower for several months, beginning in May and lasting until October, and as it is hardy it will doubtless be much sought after, as its soft yellow colouring is very charming. A group was shown, and every plant was smothered with flowers.

THE CHINESE PRIVET.

This is the best of the Privets and might replace the surfeit of common and oval-leaved Privets in many gardens. In late July the masses of it at Kew are very conspicuous; the bushes are, as a rule, tall, and the cloud-like masses of rather too strongly-fragrant flowers make a welcome variation in the shrubbery and in the grounds, as shrubs in flower late in summer are not numerous. The bushes grow 10ft. to 14ft. high, and naturally assume a picturesque form, spreading out at the top in a broad flat head. The foliage is of a rather paler green than that of most of the Privets, and the flowers are followed by large clusters of purple-black berries, which remain on the bush until after the New Year. Like many other Privets, *L. sinense* is almost an evergreen.

ESCALLONIA PHILIPPINA.

The Escallonias must be regarded as shrubs for the South Coast, where, for example, *E. macrantha* makes flowery hedges and sometimes clothes a house front with its dense green leaves and crimson flower clusters. It is not, however, sufficiently hardy for the Midlands and North, but where this rosy-flowered shrub is not happy, *E. philippiana* is much harder, and at this season of the year is full of flowers, the shoots lined with pretty white blossom, which

stands out against the dark green foliage. This Escallonia philippiana is one of the prettiest of all summer-flowering shrubs, and should be more planted, as, late in July, few things in the shrub way are in bloom. It is quite distinct from the other Escallonias, is graceful, and almost pendulous in growth. Messrs. Veitch of Chelsea, who have done so much in introducing and raising new flowers, fruits, and vegetables for the garden, have raised a hybrid Escallonia, named *E. langleyensis*, after their nurseries at Langley, where, we believe, most of the hybridising is accomplished. This hybrid has *E. philippiana* for one of the parents, and hence is fairly hardy, whilst the rose-pink of the flower clusters is very charming. *E. philippiana* should be planted in a bold mass, and, carefully grouped, is a pleasing summer picture of white and dark green. During recent years extraordinary interest has been taken in flowering shrubs, and no wonder, when so much of the garden beauty depends upon their selection.

COLOURING OF THE NEW HORTICULTURAL HALL.

The following wise words from one who is an authority upon the question of colour, and written to advocate a right colour for the walls and staging of the proposed new hall, will, we hope, be taken to heart: "The hall itself should be of a low-toned white; white enough not to absorb much light, and low enough in tone not to injure white or cream-white flowers. The stands, if of wood, rightly designed and painted, would need no woven drapery of ever-changing tone, which, after all, is only a makeshift to hide clumsy contrivance. In a permanent hall much of this wood-work could be fixed, and the rest

could be designed in simple sections of two or three forms, all of which would fit together into any of the widths and heights of two or three tier staging that could be required. Every year, just before the spring shows, they could have a coat of paint of just that quality of low-toned greenish grey that would be the least conspicuous in itself, and that would entirely avoid any kind of rivalry with leafage of the lowest tone. Many may think that such a question of colour is merely 'a matter of opinion,' but the expression of such an idea would merely point to the individual as one who had not had special eye instruction. The exact degree of depth of tone that would best suit the things the building was designed to show and its own dignity might well be a matter of experiment, but, given a few samples of colouring, one show would give quite opportunity enough for the trained eye of an expert to decide."

A SUCCESSFUL GARDEN.

"Hedgerley," Stoke Poges, Bucks, writes: "My garden has been so far most successful this year, and you may care to hear of one or two effects. A long bed, backed by trees and a bank on which blooms *Crambe cordifolia*. The centre of the bed in front La France Roses, behind them on each side Delphiniums, with a group of *Campanula persicifolia grandiflora alba* in the middle. In one part of the bed a mass of *Funkia* foliage acts as a setting to white and blue *Iris anglica*. *Eryngium* in variety and *Echinops Ritro* will take the place of the Delphiniums, and White Galea will follow the *Campanula*."



Lafayette.

THE HON. MARCUS PELHAM.

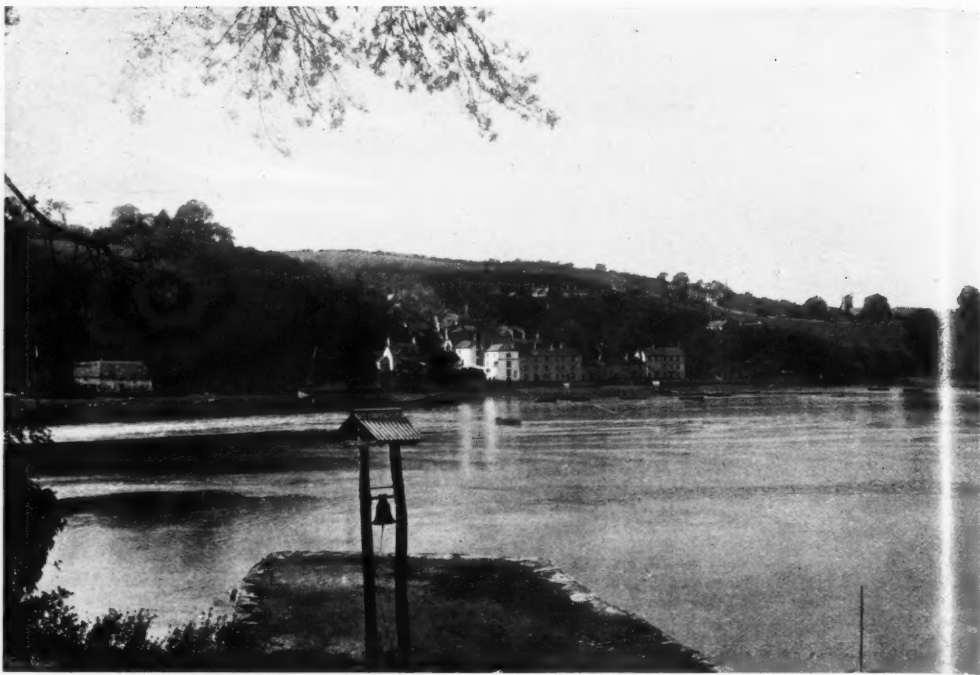
Dublin.

FERRIES.

FROM time immemorial artists have painted and poets sung of the picturesque associations encompassing the river-ferry; while, again, in how many old songs or ballads does not the ferry figure as the trysting-place of lovers—as often as not the ferryman himself is one of the latter. It is unnecessary to descant concerning these particular phases of ferry lore. A very interesting paper, however, might be compiled on ferry "limits"—that is, the manorial monopoly or privileges, which extend on either side of the ferry line. Formerly, on the Thames, above London, such limits were rigorously preserved; for, needless to point out, when bridges were few and far between, a ferry was a profitable business, and every care was taken to check unauthorised competition within its limits. Unfortunately, the subject has been almost entirely neglected by county historians, topographers, etc., though even at the present

day it occasionally crops up in the law courts. Quite recently there has been litigation over the limits of a Thames ferry, near Twickenham, we believe. Sometimes we hear of a river-side hamlet being—thanks to endowment on the part of a local benefactor—what is termed "ferry free," meaning that toll can be exacted only from strangers using the ferry. For example, an old county history of Nottinghamshire mentions a ferry across the Trent at the village of Clifton, the inhabitants of which are "ferry free," "and in lieu the ferryman and his dog have each a dinner at Christmas of roast beef and plum-pudding, served out to them at the parsonage, and where the parson's dog is always turned out whilst the ferryman's dog eats his share. The ferryman also has the right on that day to claim from the villagers a prime loaf of bread." The date of the work quoted is 1813. It would be interesting to ascertain whether or not the quaint custom connected with this ferry still survives.

In the case of narrow, non-navigable rivers the earliest



Valentine & Sons.

GREENAWAY FERRY, RIVER DART.

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river is in flood, the rope either totally disappears beneath the water, or the current becomes too strong to permit of a loaded boat being navigated by such frail guidance. Therefore, a better device, and one also which does not offer an impediment to commercial navigation, is a submerged chain, which on its way from bank to bank is caught up and passed along one side of the boat by means of pulleys. The method of propulsion is the same as before, but there is far less risk of the vessel taking other than the course marked out for it. The latter is the principle on which many so-called floating bridges now act, but where steam or hydraulic power has replaced manual labour.

Another system of working ferries is that known as the flying bridge. Here a rope or chain passes from a mast in the boat to a fixed buoy or anchor in mid-stream, and the current acting obliquely against the side of the boat, which should be kept at an angle of 55deg., causes it to sweep across stream on the arc of a semi-circle. In fact, the course of the boat is analogous to the path of a rising kite. The holder of

the kite corresponds to the buoy, the wind to the tidal stream, and the tail to the rudder, which must be set obliquely before starting. In some cases, instead of an anchor laid in the stream, two shears or masts are erected, one on each bank, and firmly secured by guys. A stout hawser is then stretched tight from the top of one mast to the top of the other. There is a large iron ring or "gnimmet," to which is fastened one end of the boat rope, the other end being made fast to the ferry-boat. This kind of ferry or flying bridge is very popular on the Rhine, and has been largely utilised by our troops in South Africa. In this country also it may be seen on the River Severn, especially in the neighbourhood of Coalbrookdale, where mining works and tile and porcelain factories are thickly clustered on both banks of the stream. The flying ferry serving the famous Coalport China Works, has, however, a very tragic history attached to it. On a wild December evening in 1796 the workmen, whose ranks had just then been

reinforced by the amalgamation of the Nantgarw and Swansea works with the Shropshire factory, had crowded on to the ferry which conveyed them to their homes on the opposite bank. The river was in flood, and the ferryman drunk, and careless steering led to the vessel being capsized, with the loss of twenty-nine lives. Among those drowned was the master painter, by name James Walker, and an uncompleted pair of vases, on which he had been working



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WALBERSWICK FERRY.

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device for easing the labours of the ferryman consisted of posts on either bank, connected by a rope, hanging breast high above the water. This arrangement still holds good on many a remote stream. The ferry-boat may or may not be equipped with a hawser, which connects it to the aforesaid guide line by means of a pulley block or ring, but in any case oars are not used, and the ferryman propels his craft by hauling at the rope. The great objection to this simple arrangement is, that when the

only a few minutes before the catastrophe occurred, are carefully preserved in the establishment as a memento of the sad event.

There is a popular Scotch ballad telling of the melancholy fate of Lord Ullin's daughter, which gives one an inkling of the perils to which the old Firth packets were liable in the days before steam. As a matter of fact, accidents, more or less serious, to the old ferry-boats plying on the Scotch lochs and on the estuaries of rivers were of common occurrence until steam revolutionised the methods of navigation. The seamanship of the crews was always open to question, while as the vessels themselves were usually furnished with falling ends for the admission of cattle, vehicles, and heavy merchandise, they easily shipped water in rough weather.

It is told of the old Bristol Channel ferry in its sail and oar days that a British admiral once arrived at Portskewett intending to cross; but, observing the boat as she worked her way from the other shore, declared that he durst not trust himself to the seamanship of her crew, and accordingly journeyed some fifty miles farther round by Gloucester. Until the Severn Tunnel was opened direct communication between England and South Wales was obtained by means of steamers plying ferrywise between New Passage and Portskewett, landing passengers and goods at railway jetties on either side; but at the opening of the tunnel a radical rearrangement of transport befel those Western districts. From Portskewett Station a junction line ran down to the low cliffs overlooking the water at Black Rock, and here in receipt of much custom stood the Black Rock Hotel. In mid-channel stands the reef that gives the place its name, and on it rises a lighthouse. Now



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BUCKENHAM FERRY, NORFOLK BROADS.

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the place, saving indeed the light, is deserted. No ferry-boats ply upon the water; the traffic rumbles below the river-bed in three and a-half miles of tunnel; and the junction line that received the voyagers is grubbed up, and its cuttings all overgrown with wild flowers and weeds. Then the licence of the hotel was withdrawn, and the deserted building, which had provided food and shelter to generations of travellers, retired after its long term of public service to the status of a private residence. The fate of the Black Rock Hotel has overtaken many other ferry inns, thanks to the changes that engineering



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HAMPTON FERRY, EVESHAM.

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advances bring about. There is, however, at least one notable exception—namely, that of the Hawes Inn, beside Queensferry, whose erstwhile lonely aspect led Stevenson to make it the scene of a stirring episode in "Kidnapped."

Here the world-famous mammoth structure of steel, which has killed the old steam ferry, has caused the old inn to blossom forth into an hotel for the accommodation of tourists and sightseers.

At the present day the term ferry is a very elastic one, inasmuch that it not only includes bridges and rafts that plough across stream on submerged railway lines, or picking up submerged chains *en route*, but traversing, lift, and pontoon bridges are placed under the category. Of floating bridges proper, the finest in this country is the powerful raft which, laden with vehicles, and at night brilliantly illuminated with electric lamps, crosses Portsmouth Harbour every ten minutes. Then there are those huge ferry-boats peculiar to American rivers, which convey trains *en bloc* from one bank to the other. The largest floating bridge in the world, however, is Sir Bradford Leslie's pontoon bridge across the Hooghly at Calcutta, which is 1,530ft. long between the abutments, and has a roadway 48ft. wide, with a footpath at either side 7ft.



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TWICKENHAM FERRY.

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wide. It is carried on fourteen pairs of pontoons, which take the form of iron boxes, divided into water-tight compartments, and which are held in position by cables. An opening 200ft. wide for the passage of ships is made by removing four of the pontoons with their superstructure; but the operation, which takes about twenty minutes, is performed only twice a week. There is but one traversing bridge in this country—namely, that which carries the Brighton Company's metals across the Arun at Arundel. This bridge, which is 144ft. long, is traversed on wheels, and acts as a sliding cantilever. It is, however, only very rarely opened to admit the passage of ships.

YOUNG BIRD LIFE.

NEARLY all the birds sang later than usual this year. During the last days of June I stayed at a fishing inn in Gloucestershire with a mathematical Don, who complained every morning that the clamour of the nightingales kept him from sleeping. It was to me a matter for laughter that a college recluse should so resent Philomel's serenading; but there are many people similarly constituted. Some years ago another friend, known over England as a great sportsman and lover of wild life, who would not have thrushes or blackbirds interfered with for worlds, was so worried by the nocturnal music of nightingales in his shrubbery that he had the nests destroyed and the birds driven away. Legend tells us that this feeling is very old, since it relates that the holy meditations of Edward the Confessor were so much interrupted by the voices of the nightingales, that with bell, book, and candle he expelled them from the precincts of Epping Forest. Such a story could scarcely have arisen if on all ears their notes fell "like tired eyelids upon tired eyes." For my own part, it is not the vigorous love entreaty of the nightingale that wearies so much as the persistent and monotonous call of the cuckoo. It rings welcome and sweet when first heard in the tender April sunshine; but how tiresome it has grown by Midsummer. This year the creature, retarded perhaps by the cold May, has prolonged his courtship well into the month of July. Beginning ere the blackthorn was out, he has kept on till the wild roses are shedding their petals and the cornfields blush scarlet with poppies. Yet an end comes to all things at last, and as we write the hush of summer has fallen on field and woodland. At least, we call it a hush with the exercise of some poetic licence, for some birds sing all the year round except when moulting. Even now the doves are cooing amid the immemorial elms, and the skylark is not silent except when moulting. In the heart of a great woodland, however, the voices so insistent a while ago are now all dumb. There is a green ride down the middle of it, where roe and fallow deer, dark skinned to match with "the loose and melancholy boughs" that overshadow them, trot with slender, graceful fawns at their side; move a finger or a limb, and how nimbly the young things fly—they seem almost to be born with a gift of speed. And there are thickets that defy analysis. First a scrubby bush or no less scrubby hawthorn got itself sown and raised to a stunted height, for while it was growing a too affectionate bramble began to throw loving arms round it and festoon and net it with tendrils that now show their white flowers, and then came the briar rose and shot up its spears as they were in winter, and they now are dangling flowers like small pennons, and a little white wild rose, scentless and clinging, found a corner whence it threw out long feeble-looking branches, that now almost encircle the thicket and girdle it with bands of its pure flowers, rank-growing bracken, thrust up boldly amongst them, adding its deep green curls

wherever a space afforded opportunity. This mass of rank vegetation is the impregnable fortress of wild life. Rabbits squeeze in, but the handiest terrier cannot follow. Wait in silence and listen to every gentle rustling, and you will see tiny mice clamber and play among the twinkling leaves, climbing, running, eating, yet ever alert and timid, ready at the slightest alarm to pop underground. As long as they stay within they are safe, but should one venture out on the turf there is a brown owl that towards dusk begins to include this glade in his noiseless patrol. Softly he glides round the thicket, and with a "to-who" the rash intruding fool of a mouse is seized and carried off. Listen to that eternal squawking of young owls, and you will understand why at this season the hunter has to be industrious. At times no doubt the weasel calls round and takes toll of the mice, and once I saw a rat and a weasel meet here and have a pitched battle. Only wild creatures do not seem to bear one another much ill-will. The wood is thronged with rabbits, which never seem to grudge the stoat one of their number or to be alarmed at the incessant murder that goes on. Not far off other rabbits live next door to the fox and the badger, all accommodated in neighbouring earths. I have heard a dove cooing in an elm tree with a hawk perching only a few boughs off. Poor plumelless ephemeral man is continually pursued and being pursued by shadows, frightened by spectres of his own making, but the lower creatures are less imaginative.

Yet they have strange alarms and excursions too. Often the most extraordinary turmoil will begin without warning. At one moment all is quiet, the great trees drinking in the sunshine with outspread leaves, amid which the softest wind breathes with

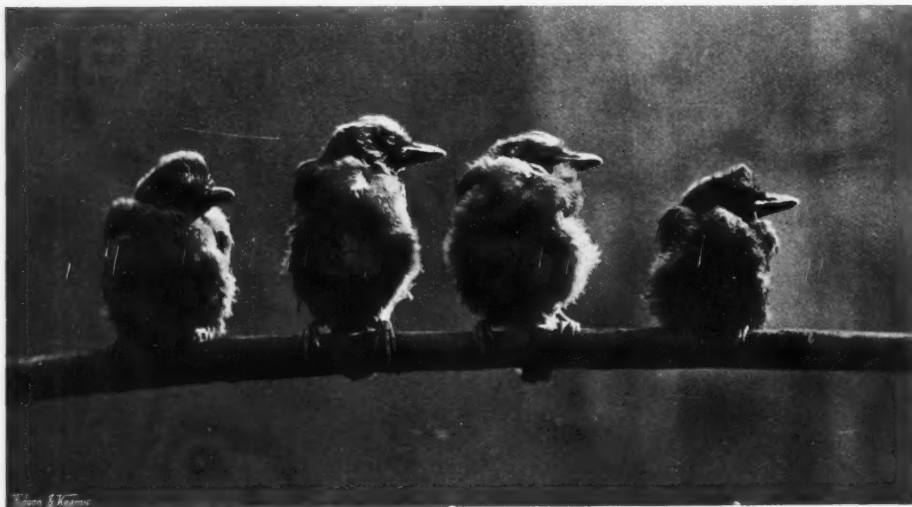


J. T. Newman. A YOUNG LAPWING.

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a scarce audible sigh, yet carries with it the nameless fragrance of summer woods. Then all at once there begins such a twink twink, squawk squawk, swearing of blackbirds, chatter of tits, protests of thrushes, as if some great war had suddenly swept over a peaceful realm. Follow the sound, and it stops only to break out worse than ever in a new quarter. Only a very little patience is needed to discover the cause, which oftener than not is found in the shape of a blinking stupid owl that accidental disturbance or perverse whim has induced to make a daylight excursion. "Stop thief!" "Murderer!" "Villain!" "Robber!" cry all the small birds. Loudest of all shrieks the hypocritical jay.

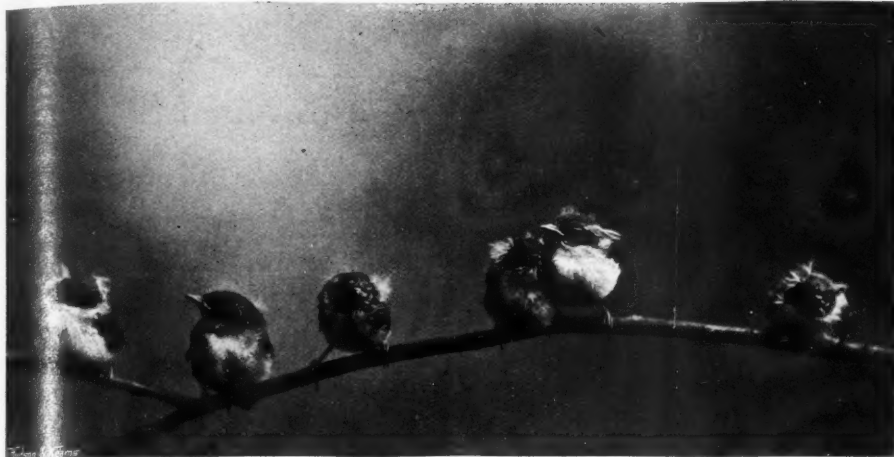
No doubt she has her hungry expectant brood perched on a bough and waiting for food, but she is quite well aware (or ought to be) that the blundering owl, far from meditating rapine, wants for the present only a quiet life. It is said that when a drunkard was put in the village stocks, nobody used to enjoy pelting him with rotten eggs so much as the worst ne'er-do-wells, and in like manner the jay is a leader at hunting the poor owl, while herself the most persistent egg-thief of the forest, and possessed of no scruples to prevent her from the murder of nestlings. However, *quis multum amavit*, she is a devoted mother, and in that way has earned forgiveness. Also the jay merits praise for adding its bright tint of blue to the prevailing green. There is no prettier woodlander, except it be the yaffle, whose wild mad laugh has been heard down the glades all the year, but its yellow is less often visible. The woodpecker is of a more retiring disposition



J. T. Newman.

YOUNG JAYS—EXPECTANCY

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YOUNG WHINCHAT.

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than the jay. Talking of mothers, there are few more devoted to and solicitous for her young than the lapwing. One need scarcely say that this bird is, as a rule, very sociable, and that the nests are usually made in the open field, oftenest on stony ground, as in the case of the one we illustrate, which was photographed in its natural habitat. But Nature is full of strange freaks; and a pair of lapwings came this year and nested on the ground in a corner of the wood. The curious point is that there were no others in the district, which, nevertheless, seems at one time to have been much frequented by lapwings, though now abandoned by these birds. One cannot, however, watch wild life for long without noticing that there are strange departures from all sorts of rules and precedents.

But we have wandered far from our green ride. What I meant to say was that at this season it is a place to watch blue and red butterflies flicker past the sunlit openings, or the deer galloping under green boughs, to feel summer in the air and the grass and the ferns, but if you would observe birds you must now wander along the outskirts of woods and plantations. The stores of food are on hayfield and wayside and near the haunts of man. So the families are stationed on hedge and wayside tree, and the fathers who made music and the mothers who listened to it in the raptures of love long past are now busy and silent catering for their families. In a few weeks hence many will begin to congregate in flocks. The sexes in most birds, as is the case with deer and various animals, including primitive man, prefer to live apart when their family cares are over. Modern clubs are an assertion of that primitive instinct. A majority of the birds are married only during a few weeks of sunshine. Next year the old mates will be forgotten and entirely new ties formed. This is a privilege that "the forked radish," as Carlyle called man, might like to consider the value of.

A HERMIT PIGEON.

NATURE had not marked him out for an anchorite; he was, in fact, the handsomest of his kind I have ever seen, and shone among his dove-coloured brethren like a peacock among barn-door fowls. His breast was an ever-changing sheen of green and purple; his little pate had all the colours of the rainbow; his feet were like the brightest scarlet sealing-wax; his shape was the most distinguished imaginable. But something had separated him from his kind. The joys of mating and paternity were not for him. One suspected that he must have been very badly crossed in love, for to the loving female pigeon he turned an eye of hatred. He had flown out of Heaven knows where, to a big, untidy Irish farmyard, and had chosen for his habitation no dovecote nor pigeon-house in the wall, but the forge, and the smith for his one intimate.

The smith and himself he recognised as having a common ownership of the forge. The huge shaggy horses he tolerated from the beginning, but no other living thing might enter the forge and not be attacked. People straying in there—unaware of the militant pigeon—were amazed by a sharp, imperious pecking at their feet and the clapping of angry wings about their trouser ends. As children we were afraid of Tom, as he came to be called. His beak was a sharp instrument enough when applied to rosy childish legs, short-stockinged; and a dangling hand often received a very shrewd pinch indeed.

He was always there in the semi-darkness of the forge, a bundle of rainbows as beautiful among the soot and grime as the soaring sparks that followed the smith's bellows. He slept at night on the handle of the bellows, all day he pecked about daintily amid the ashes and iron filings of the floor, or perched on the smith's shoulder as he shod a horse, or looked with bright, observant eyes from the broad back of one of the horses.

The curious thing was that he never lost his dandyishness of aspect. No wood-dove, among leaves, by waters, was ever half so well primed, so smart, so burnished. He usually made his toilet, indeed, when he was not on the defensive, and he was an example of the possibility of keeping a high standard among adverse circumstances. In a country where the ways of our brothers the birds and animals cause hardly any interest or delight, Tom's whimsicality yet was his toleration. None of those he assailed wrung his neck for his impudence, as might be expected. His downfall was to come about by his own fault.

There was a curious hen whose feathers stuck out at all sorts of angles—"the frizzy hen from Friesland" the farmhouse cook used to describe her. She was an admirable creature—the hen, not the cook—and we children loved her for her sweet temper. She would let us take the egg from under her in the nest. When she brought out a brood of yellow chickens or black-eyed ducklings, we were allowed to inspect them without any of the manifestations of anxiety common to the maternal hen. Her placidity was an indication of her strength of character. She only of all the farmyard fowls

dared to dispute the will of the despot Tom. She was roosting one day on the edge of a large cauldron of tar that stood just within the forge door. Tom came to drive her away. There was a struggle, and the pair of them fell into the tar. All sorts of measures were taken to cleanse them, with partial success. The frizzy hen could hardly be in a worse state as to beauty than before, but as for poor Tom, his beauty was clean swept away. The comeliness which had drawn the pigeons of the other sex in wild admiring flocks was utterly marred—for a time only, we fondly hoped. His feathers all fell out. Such a bald-pated, scarecrow bird never was. Nothing remained of the old Tom but the bright eyes and the indomitable spirit.

He had been ministered to in the farmhouse kitchen. To the kitchen he transferred his allegiance, leaving the forge behind for ever. The farmhouse kitchen was a pleasant place. Its whitewashed walls and red-tiled floor, its great dresser, its flitches of bacon and hanks of onions in the ceiling, all shining in the rosy light of an enormous fire of coke, were something to look in upon out of the dark on a winter's evening.

It was winter when Tom's mishap befell. Poor Tom, a-cold for his



J. T. Newman.

JAYS IN NEST.

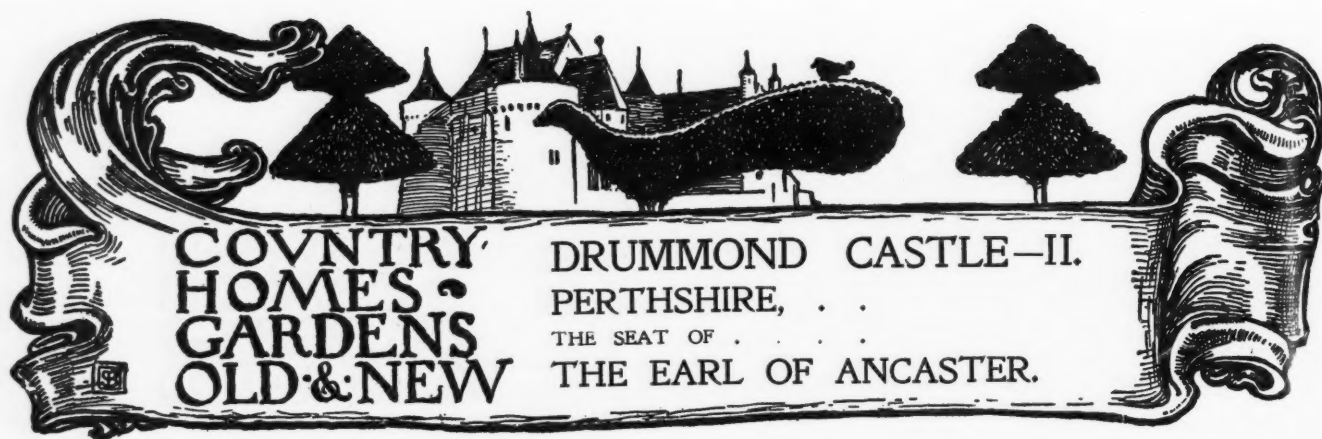
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feathers, took the bright circle in the middle of the kitchen fender for his perch. He was chastened by misfortune. It was true that he could not resist a peck at bare flesh when he saw it, and it behoved the kitchen wenches to see that they had no holes in their stockings. But he had ceased to be *jaouche*. He even essayed something like a long-forgotten coo when anyone sat down by the kitchen fire "to have a hate," as though he liked the companionship, and would make them free of the comfort he himself enjoyed.

His real bullying was now reserved for the dogs and cats. The St. Bernard might no more come in wet and tired, and fling his heavy length along the warm hearth, but he received a peck to bid him lie further away. The St. Bernard was patient and magnanimous. He would retire below the kitchen table. Jack, the kennel terrier, the most famous of ratters, would draw himself to one side, so satisfying the tyrant's demand. Only the cat, looking out of green eyes at her assailant, bided her time. She knew Tom was protected as long as anyone was looking. But there were many, many hours of the dark night when nobody saw.

One morning we came down to find no Tom. Not a trace of him, not a feather; so it was plain he was carried off swiftly in his sleep, and done to death in some secret place. We blamed the cat or her friends, but there was no proof.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



THE general features of this magnificent Scottish seat were described in the last article, and it now remains to say something in description of the character of the splendid garden which adorns the mansion, and of the "policies," or park, and plantations which add so much to the beauty of the scene. It was explained that the castle looks down upon a beautiful old-fashioned pleasaunce, which is approached

from it by a series of noble terraces formed by the hand of Art in the cliff itself, the descent being by stately stairways. There is something in these terraces, as was suggested, that brings to the mind scenes in old Italian gardens, and it is a fact that tender things flourish here which do not usually look kindly upon northern skies. *Tropæolum speciosum* flowered on this southern slope in the open air for the first time in Scotland; *Carus decumana* fruits freely; and the *Agave americana* flourishes.

In the summer of 1832 one of the latter plants reached a height of 23ft., and in 1851 of nearly 30ft. There is a very happy conjuncture of flowers in the garden with the varied hues of evergreens, though these predominate, thus making winter beautiful at Drummond Castle.

The approach to the castle by the beautiful country road and avenue have already been described. Passing under the keep, we may descend to the second terrace, from which we have a delightful outlook over the garden. This radiant space lies some 30ft. or 40ft. below the southern part of the castle rock, and, in an oblong shape, it covers some ten acres. They are acres of singular beauty when surveyed from any one of those three grand architectural terraces, and the plan of the garden is curious, original, and distinctive. It takes the form of a St. Andrew's Cross, in the midst of which rises the splendid multiplex sundial, erected for the second Earl of Perth by John Mylne, his architect, in 1630. Two broad grass walks cross one another at this point, running severally from north-west to south-east, and from south-west to north-east. These walks of fine turf may be described as "bars" of the cross, and are so in fact in the design, as may be seen in our pictures. It must be noticed that, with the exception of three of the principal paths, running north and south, which are gravel, all the others crossing the garden are turf walks. One of the gravel ways passes through the centre of the garden, and on each of the four sides the enclosed space is encompassed by gravel paths.

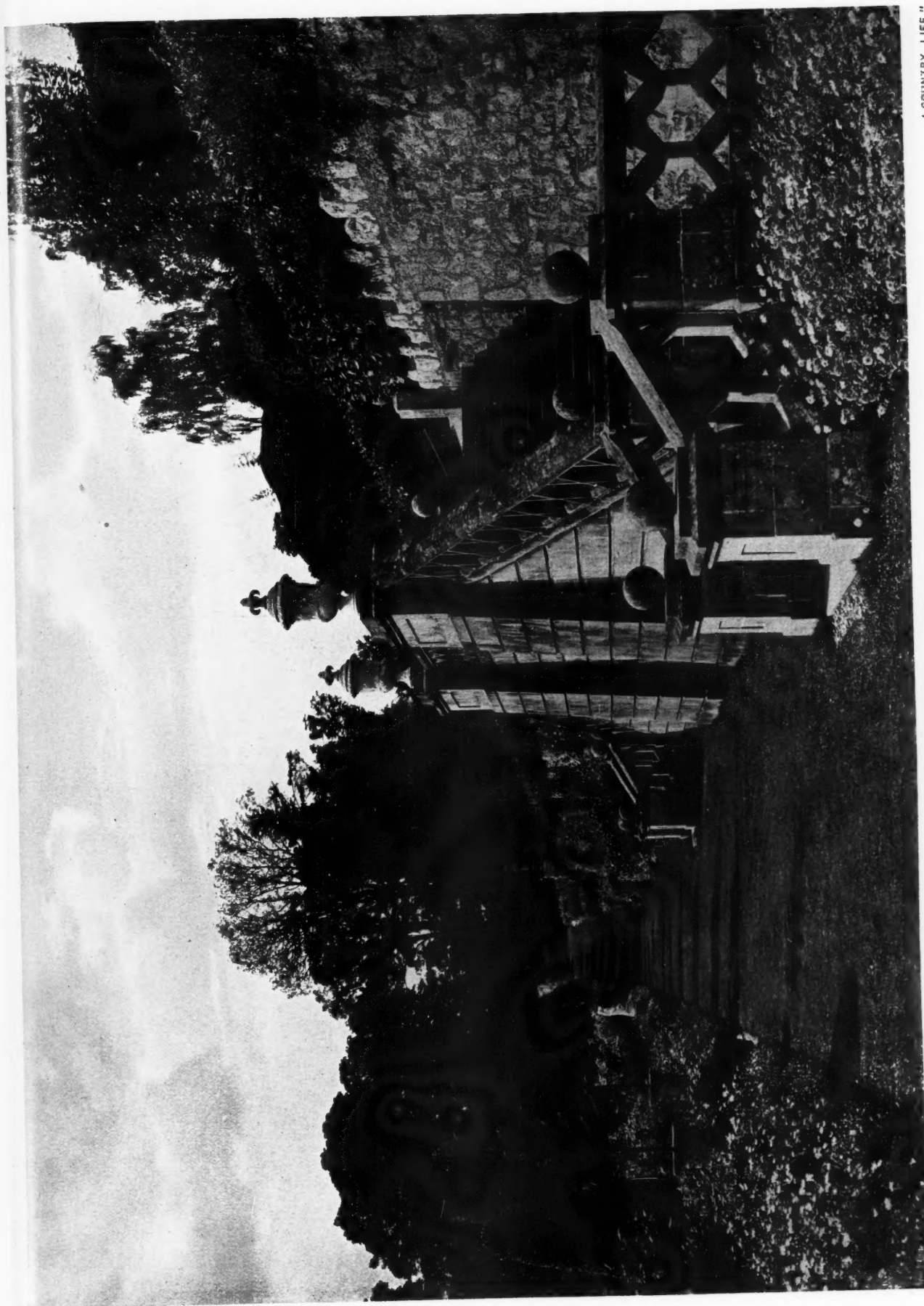
The whole area is divided into parterres, laid out with equal taste and judgment, and arranged to show the arms of Drummond. There are many examples of antique statuary, and many fine vases, selected



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THE WESTERN BAR.

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THE NORTH-EAST BAR.

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by the late Lord Willoughby de Eresby, all adding point and character to the place, but nothing perhaps is so attractive as the old sundial with its multitudinous faces. Although flowers are in abundance, the great number of green things is noticeable, and gives a subdued aspect to the garden plan. Most, if not all, the garden sculpture is Italian, and some of the examples are very fine, as for instance the Fruit Bearers on the terrace steps. During a memorable storm, in December, 1879, which wrought much damage to the trees at Drummond Castle, the limb of a huge silver fir overthrew a marble statue of Dagon. The classic deities and heroes add much interest to the place, which it did not possess in its earlier days. It will be seen from the pictures that many sentinel yews flank the pathways. They are of beautiful and varied hue, and the junipers, hollies, firs, and box edgings are quite characteristic, while the terrace walls are covered with beautiful creepers. The yew hedges at each end of the terrace, which run from top to bottom of the slope, and form a division or termination, as it were, of the terrace proper, are a very notable feature.

The garden, of course, is formal, and it is possible that as such some may regard it unfavourably. But as in all forms of



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THE LIVING ROCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gardening there are attractions, even these will not deny the charm of that fine gardenage. They will recognise its ancient character, and the merits of the high traditions it maintains. The arrangement is analogous to, and yet in some ways different from, that of many formal gardens that have been described.



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BOX TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ST. ANDREW'S CROSS FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir William Temple's account of the famous garden at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, formed by the Countess of Bedford, is well known. It was an example, he said, of very great care and excellent contrivance, and had cost much. He thought it the most beautiful and perfect garden he had ever seen, and a model which others might copy. The house stood, like Drummond Castle, upon a hill, but the descent was not very steep, and the

mansion looked out upon the formal arrangement below. There were standard laurels along the terrace, which had the beauty of orange trees, and thence fine steps of stone led down to a very large parterre. Here we see the analogy to the garden at Drummond Castle. While the Scottish pleasaunce takes the form of St. Andrew's Cross, that at Moor Park was divided into quarters by gravel walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters, and there were two summer-houses at the end of the terrace walk, and the sides of the parterre were arranged with two long cloisters, open to the garden upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses. Let us not deny the merit of gardening like this, and let us be glad that at Drummond Castle there remains still another example of the great style.

And now to continue our description of this beautiful Perthshire estate. Its charms by no means end with the garden. At the top of the broad avenue is the park, and the "policies," as the extensive grounds are called, are very attractive indeed. They cover 511 acres, and are rich in magnificent specimens of all our ordinary trees. The Broad Oak aroused the enthusiasm of the poet of Ettrick Forest. The largest of the Drummond Castle oaks, however, is on the south side, near the burn, and has a girth of 14ft. 8in. at a height of 1ft. above the ground. Two other noble oaks, with a grand spread of leafage,



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THE DESCENT.

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THE THIRD TERRACE, EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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COMPANIONS TO THE SUNDIAL.

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ITALIAN MARBLE URNS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have a girth of 13ft. 4in. and of 10ft. 10in. respectively. Another magnificent specimen is by the side of the walk which circles round to the south of the gardens, and measures 14ft. 4in. at a height of 1ft. above the ground. Very picturesque also is a peculiar gnarled oak near the barn on the east side of the castle. The ash trees are more splendid even than the oaks, and at least one specimen has a girth of 22ft. But the beech trees are the monarchs

of the place, lifting their grey columnar trunks to a mighty altitude, with a noble crest of leafage. One colossal specimen is on the east side of the broad avenue to the south of the garden, and has a girth of 29ft. at 1ft. from the ground, and of 16ft. at 5ft. The extreme height is 71ft. and the spread of branches 105ft. It would be tedious, however, to describe all the grand trees at Drummond Castle. A beautiful purple beech, planted by Queen Victoria on her visit in 1842, attracts much attention, and has a girth of about 5ft. Some lime trees standing adjacent are also of conspicuous size and beauty, and the Spanish chestnuts and silver firs are very fine.



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THE CARRIAGE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Three noble specimens of the latter are along the side of the walk from the garden, the largest of them having a girth of 23ft. 9in. at 1ft. from the ground, and of 17ft. 9in. at 5ft. There are beautiful specimens of *araucaria* and of *Wellingtonia gigantea*, some of the latter having a girth of 12ft. It will be seen that judicious planting in former and recent times has done much for Drummond Castle, and that the deep rich soil is conducive to the perfection

of growth in forest trees. The plantations are almost as interesting as the "policies," and are distinguished by great numbers of splendid Scotch firs, some of them being noble individual specimens. The total extent under wood is 3,965 acres, including the 511 acres of the park, and firs, larches, and other coniferous trees flourish wonderfully. Most interesting is the wooded height of Turlum, which commands the magnificent view described in the last article. At the base are dark Scotch firs, now rather thin, then spruce firs, and then larches to the top. Here the golden eagle has found a home, and the country is rich in wild birds. The



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TRIANGLE—WESTERN BAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

far-famed Trossachs also form part of the Drummond Castle property, which is one of the most magnificent estates in Scotland.

A great deal of planting has taken place within recent years, much, however, having been done at an earlier time by the third and fourth Earls of Perth. The work went on between 1785 and 1800 with great vigour, and then it was that Turlum was planted, and the great pond made. The value and the beauty of the estate have greatly increased by all the care and attention devoted to it, and the art of the landscape gardener, combined with the natural advantages of the situation, make it an ideal country home.

Its total area is upwards of 10,000 acres of arable and 62,000 acres of hill and plantation. The estate includes the parish of Muthill, large portions of Cumrie and Callander, and portions of Crieff and Monzieviard. Within its bounds are some of the finest portions of Perthshire, and in hill and dale,



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FRUIT BEARERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wood and meadow, terrace and garden, it stands very high indeed among the great estates in Scotland. Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who died in 1888, effected immense improvements, spending £45,000 on farm buildings, additions, and alterations. Upwards of 160 miles of fencing was put up, at a cost of £16,000, and more than £8,000 was spent in drainage, and the present possessor has continued the same enlightened policy.

The Earl of Ancaster is the son of the first Baron Aveland and of the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby (the twenty-third in the line of descent, or the twentieth or twenty-first according to some), and he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland in 1867, and his mother as Baron Willoughby de Eresby in 1888, being raised to the dignity of the earldom in 1892.

Drummond Castle, magnificent as it is, is not the Earl of Ancaster's only seat. He is possessed also of Normanton Park, Stamford, and Grimthorpe Castle and Bulby Hall, Bourne, Lincolnshire.

A SUSSEX SHEEP- WASHING.

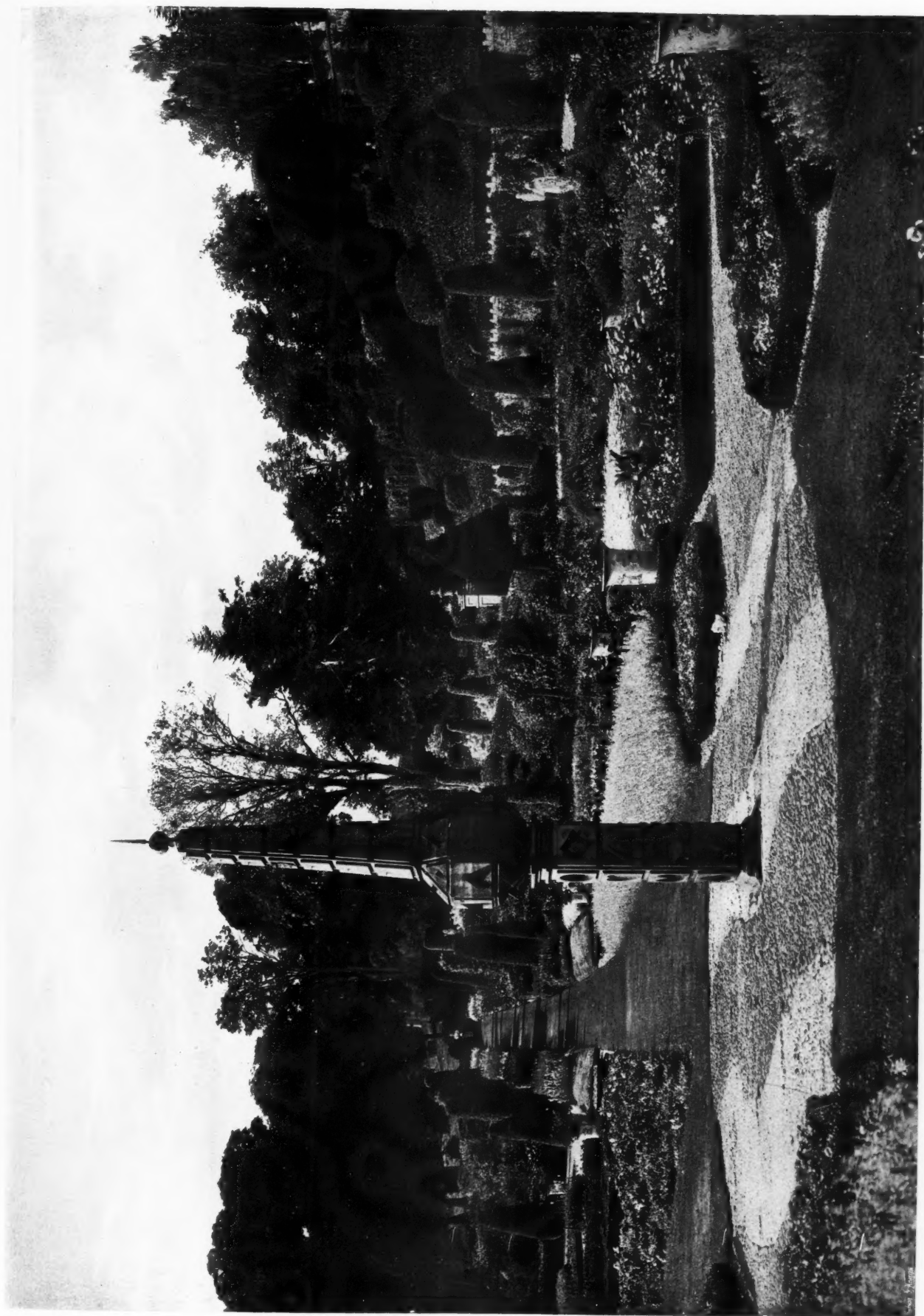
OF all English rural scenes, sheep-washing seems to me one of the most typical and the most pleasant. It takes place at the very fairest season of the year, when the meadows are golden with buttercups and pied with daisies, when the grass is at its greenest, the mayflower lies like snow upon the hawthorn trees, and pink and white apple blossoms show in all their loveliness amid the orchards near. Sheep-washing, one of the most ancient of all country customs, is pursued to-day exactly as it has been pursued for hundreds of years past. Trains may come and go, motor-cars may hustle past, but the shepherds conduct their simple operations just as did their forefathers in pre-Reformation, nay, in pre-Norman times. In South Sussex there are various streams and small rivers where this picturesque and most necessary business is carried on amid the pleasantest of surroundings. Perchance it may be that the washing is done in some little marsh dyke or stream, set in a very ocean of flat, far-spreading grass meadows.

At Pevensey operations are on a much larger scale. Here a small river, known locally as the Haven, flows under an old stone bridge. Just in front of the bridge is the washing done, the sheep being pushed and poled right across the stream, which measures here perhaps some 80ft. across. Pevensey Bridge has undoubtedly been a notable sheep-washing place for centuries past. Here must have been cleansed during many and many a pleasant spring-time the thick winter fleeces of hundreds of thousands, nay, of millions, of sheep. During the brief washing season some 5,000 sheep are annually washed here. They are brought down day after day, a few hundreds at a time, from neighbouring farms, until the business is ended and the last sheep has had its bath. Usually the work begins in mid-May, shearing operations being undertaken a week or two later. This season May was an unusually cold month, and the sheep-washing took place somewhat later than usual, lingering on, in fact, until the first days of June.

The operations are very simple, yet very methodical in their nature. On the east or further bank of the stream the sheep are collected in pens. From these they are passed to a little bay, formed by tall poles firmly planted in the bed of the river. After being well dipped, rolled, and turned over in this bay, the unwilling animals—for they do not altogether relish the order of the bath—are passed by the long poles of the washers to the men stationed in mid-stream, who continue the sousing, and send their charges finally out to the western bank, where the sheep emerge breathless, panting, and glad enough to find themselves free from the attentions of the washers and on the good firm land again. Right athwart the stream is erected a narrow temporary platform of single planks. On this the washers stand armed with long poles, bearing each a blunt, wide prong, one of the irons of which is straight, the other slightly curved. Seven or eight feet in front of these men runs, also right across the stream, a series of long stout poles, which thus serve to confine the sheep to the avenue in which the washing is conducted. In a broad stream, such as the Pevensey Haven, the sheep get a thorough wash, and the water is constantly cleansed and replenished by the gentle flow through-

out the operations. Sheep are, of course, good natural swimmers, and once in deep water they are pretty amenable; in fact, under the long poles of the shepherds they are powerless to help themselves; and they finally submit, after the first ineffectual struggles, with true sheep-like mildness and acceptance of their fate, to the wills of their masters, the pole-bearers. The washing takes place usually from nine o'clock to eleven or twelve. During that time from 300 to 500 sheep are cleansed for the shearing. It must be vastly pleasant to the sheep, after the terrors of the wash and the somewhat rough handling of the shearers, a few days later to find themselves disencumbered of their thick winter coats, and to emerge into the glorious warmth of the June sun, clad, as it were, in a delightfully cool, yet close-fitting garment of short, clean, white wool.

The last day of May was typical of late spring or early summer. There had been heavy rain overnight; the sky was somewhat overcast; the whole country-side was enveloped in a pleasant, steaming warmth, amid which vegetation was sprouting



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THE SUNDIAL AND YEW WALL AT DRUMMOND CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

luxuriantly. Towards eleven o'clock the sun burst forth, the clouds dispersed, and the flat marshes gleamed golden in one vast expanse of buttercups. There never, I think, has been a more wonderful buttercup year than this of 1902. The verdurous meadows have been everywhere arrayed in one marvellous golden glory. Standing on the bridge, one looked down upon the busy workers, and the struggling, choking, half-drowned sheep, as submerged, turned over and over again, they were passed, a steady stream of victims, from one side of the river to the other. Looking up the placid, sluggish stream, one's eye rested upon an ancient, spreading hawthorn tree, white with May; then, gazing further afield, the pleasant hill of Worthing

breaks the horizon. Close by Worthing nestles amid the woodlands the hoary ruin of Hurstmonceux Castle. Away to the right the marshes stretch, pied with cattle and sheep, towards Hove and Little Common. Behind one, a mile away, is the sea, into which the placid little river over which we stand makes its gentle exit upon a flat shore-line. On our left flank, close at hand, is the hamlet of Pevensey, with its ancient church and yet more ancient ruined castle, the latter one of the finest remains of feudal and Roman strength in all Britain. It is a pleasant scene indeed on this goodly morning, and, the sheep-wash over, we turn with some reluctance to our cycles and bid us homeward.

H. A. BRYDEN.

THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM.

JUST for a few days the possession of the American Cup seemed to hang in the balance. Twice the Americans had beaten good English teams, one of the Cup matches had fallen to them. Nor could these successes be attributed wholly to the bad weather, or to the ill fortune which pursued the English team. The American polo players were very good, and in combination and quickness of stroke they were our superiors. The probabilities seem to point, as we look back to the causes of our early defeats, to want of unity in our original team. Combination, in the sense in which we say that the Ruby team of 1901 had that quality, our men never had from first to last. Had they played together for a month against well-chosen opponents, they would have been even better than they were. For while the games played for the Cup were interesting, no one could say that any of them were first-rate, with the possible exception of the second match. But we learned two things from the play—first, the unspeakable importance of good ponies, and, second, the value of horsemanship. The level of this last accomplishment was very high in the English team. Thus the English ponies were not only on the whole faster than the Americans, but they were better ridden. They certainly turned better than those of the visitors whenever it came to really fast play. In the portraits which illustrate this article, no judge could fail to note the rare stamp of the English ponies. Not only is their make and shape excellent, and their quality first-rate, but they have the look of alertness and intelligence which is sometimes spoken of, and, I think, rightly, as pony character. Anyone who wishes to learn the type of a first-rate pony can hardly do better than study the admirable photograph of the animal ridden by Mr. F. Freake. Of the five players whose portraits are given, two only, Mr. W. S.



W. A. Rouch.

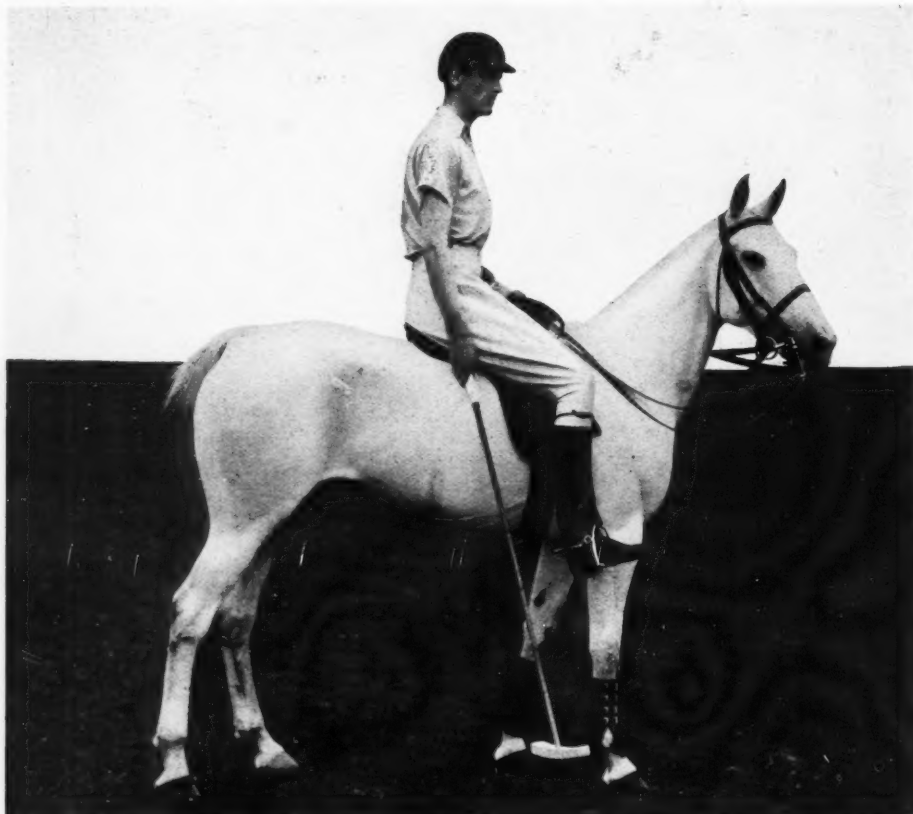
MR. C. P. NICKALLS.

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Buckmaster and Mr. Cecil Nickalls, played in all three matches. Of Mr. Buckmaster it is difficult to write, so much has been said in print of his play.

Yet there is one thing we may safely assert, and that is, that as a polo player it is difficult to over-rate him. He possesses the rare union of a most accurate stroke and a singularly perfect control of the ball, with a very graceful and easy style of striking. As a goal-hitter he stands easily first. His judgment of pace and distance enables him to attempt with success shots at goal that would be impossible to ordinary players. Many other first-rate players are the cause of other men hitting goals; none make so many with their own stick as Mr. Buckmaster. As a horseman he is admirable, never in a hurry or flurry, but able to go as fast as is needed. He is one of the most difficult men for an opponent to ride off. Sometimes he is a little nervous and over-anxious in the earlier periods, but this generally passes away.

Next to Mr. Buckmaster comes Mr. George Miller. He, too, is a fine horseman, and has the gift of making his ponies do their best. He is not, perhaps, a strong man or a very hard hitter, but his admirable judgment makes up for these defects. He can "make" a pony as well as anyone, and, when thoroughly schooled, cause him to do his very best. As the captain of a side, the directing, stimulating spirit of a team, he is certainly the best man I have ever seen except Mr. John Watson and Major MacLaren, with whom, however, he ought to be named as an equal. He has played well in every position in a team, and is the very best No. 2 we have now. But in the quick interchanges of a modern game he is invaluable, since he always does the right thing. A player nowadays in a first-class team may be called on to work in any position. It matters little who does the work as long as it is done rightly and to the moment. Perhaps Mr. George Miller did nothing better than when in the last match he disentangled the ball from the American team under the pavilion and placed it for Mr. P. Nickalls (then his No. 2) to hit through. As a rallying point to a scratch team Mr. George Miller is unrivalled.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. P. W. NICKALLS.

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He has excellent control and a capital eye for an opening to obtain possession of the ball.

Of Mr. P. W. Nickalls it is more difficult to write. He was brilliant when, as an Oxford undergraduate, he first made his appearance; then he played a great game for Chislehurst in the first County Cup tournament held under C.C. Association rules at Eden Park; but the war came, and his long illness made a break in his polo career. To many of us he was almost an unknown quantity when he began to play this season.

In that first disastrous match against the Americans he perhaps played more nearly to his true form than any member of the team, and he put in some useful work as No. 2. He has not the certainty of the older players, since he has not their experience, but he is a beautiful hitter and a fine horseman, riding ponies, it is said, that others cannot; and here, perhaps, is the road ahead in his polo career. It is a great thing to be able to ride ponies others cannot, but, after all, even the best of players is better on a perfect and easy pony than a pulling or difficult one, and there comes a time in the polo career of some most promising players when they have to choose between ponies and polo.

Those who have chosen to ride ponies they can manage and few others can are now playing in second-rate matches. With health and good ponies and will, it is hard to say how good Mr. P. Nickalls may be. These remarks, by the way, do not apply to Blue Sleeves, who as seen in the photograph and in the right hands (*i.e.*, Mr. Nickalls) is as good a pony as gallops on the ball to-day.

Among forward players Mr. Cecil Nickalls is one of the best. He is of the very small band of No. 1 players who can both hit the ball and ride off a clever back at a pinch. Very hard-working, and a hitter when the pace is hot, he has a great future as a player before him. Few men have come more quickly into the first class than he. Practically his name was made in a single season, that of 1901. Like his brother, Mr. P. W. Nickalls, he is sometimes uncertain, but that is only to say that he is young and very keen—both faults on the right side.

A fine horseman to hounds, the owner of some most admirable polo ponies, and (on his day) one of the most brilliant No. 2 players we have, Mr. Freahe has had bad luck this year. Last season, it will be



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MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER.

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earlier, so that we might have shown our Coronation visitors, as we can do, scientific polo at its very best.

POLO NOTES.

THE polo season in London came to a close at the leading clubs on Saturday. It is too early to review the season until at least some of the leading autumn tournaments have taken place. Indeed, as I look back over the polo events of the past week, some of the most interesting events were in county polo. The Lancashire Hussars having their training about this time, there is always also some good polo on the Liverpool ground. The Hussars sent to the war so many officers and men that they may fairly claim to be numbered with regiments of the British Army distinguished both in war and polo. The first game was played on Saturday week and ended in a draw, so it was decided to have a return match on Monday limited to four periods of ten minutes each. Liverpool had strengthened their team, and had Messrs. R. R. Heap, Todd Naylor, J. R. Heap, and R. A. Rigby; the Lancashire Hussars played Mr. W. Paul, Major Munro Walker, Major Lee Pilkington, and Captain Sir Humphrey de Trafford. In a fast game, Liverpool proved the stronger team, and had scored 3 goals to 0 at the close of time.

It was a good game, and Mr. J. R. Heap proved to be a tower of strength to his side, while Mr. Rigby kept the ball up to his forwards. With the benefit of the attack on their side, Liverpool pressed often, and scored as mentioned above. The interest of the game was well sustained, and was another witness to the advantage which polo derives as a spectacle, at all events from the forty minutes' matches.

St. Neots Club were among the earliest of the clubs to hold their annual tournament. The Challenge Cup presented by Colonel Shuttleworth fell to last year's winners, Handley Cross, and thus becomes their property. This team was a rather powerful combination of players who are in good form this season. Mr. L. Bucknall has played in several winning teams already this year; he was No. 1, the others being Mr. A. de Las Casas, Mr. F. D. Ellison, and Mr. F. Rich, and they defeated the Crusaders by 5 goals to 2. Although they had to gallop for their victory, yet it was never in doubt as to which of the two was the stronger team.

The handicap tournament ended in a much closer struggle, and the winning team, Messrs. Harrison, Drake, Montgomery, and Siourton, only won by the narrow margin of one goal. The manager who did the handicapping deserves some of the credit of this capital finish. St. Neots Club has a well-kept ground of full size and boarded. There is a comfortable pavilion and



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MR. F. M. FREAKE.

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remembered, he did not show his true form till the latter end. There is no more puzzling player than he. None of our forward players are better when in form; but no one of his class is subject to such lapses into bad play. Yet he is a very fine hitter, with a beautiful control of the ball at his best, and was quite entitled to be chosen to play for England when Mr. George Miller was prevented by an accident from taking his place in the team. No one did better in the actual game. It was a thousand pities that hesitancy and ill luck prevented our team coming together

plent, of accommodation for the honorary members, who number about fifty, and these tournaments are popular gatherings.

If we return to London, we find that nothing very extraordinary has happened in polo. Hurlingham has carried through a handicap tournament, which produced two exciting games last week, and a good final on Saturday with which to finish up the season. That the handicapping was good goes without saying, for if Mr. St. Quentin did not know the form of the players of to-day, it would be a strange thing. The most interesting game was the tie in the first round between G Team—Mr. R. W. Hudson, Mr. W. R. Court, Captain W. H. Lambton, and Major Egerton Green—and B Team—Captain Hobson, Captain R. Ward, Mr. G. Game, and Mr. T. B. Drybrough. Captain Ward has been absent from English polo grounds on service, but we have not forgotten his brilliant runs on the bay Lady Jane when he sat down to ride and hit the ball when playing for the Royal Horse Guards' Subalterns. On the whole B Team looked like winning, nor was there much to choose in the game itself. The play (it was a forty minutes' match) was close and hard, but G Team at last hit the winning goal by the hand of Mr. Court. In the semi-final on Thursday, F Team—Major Schofield, V.C., Mr. Grenfell, Mr. A. de Las Casas, and Mr. M. de Las Casas—beat A Team—Mr. Burdon, Mr. C. R. Duval, Mr. B. Wilson, and Lord Harrington. There was no very great attempt at combination, but perhaps A Team was rather better in that respect, and had two goals to the good before half time. Then the greater speed of the other team began to tell, and although they played rather an open game, they did all the rest of the scoring, and won by 3 goals to 2. It was a wise act on the part of the Ranelagh management to keep the Subalterns' Cup in their tournament, but in the nature of things there could not be a large entry. Practically no teams were available except the Household Cavalry and the Royal Artillery from Woolwich. The latter are not now a very strong team, nor are the 2nd Life Guards, so that it was not a prominent feature in last week's polo. This left the Roehampton Club Cup as possibly the most interesting tournament outside Hurlingham. It was, however, rather a disappointment. A good many of the best players entered, but they were so scattered about that they did little good. Thus it was plain that Spring Hill was, should no accident occur, very much the best team. The real interest of the tournament was in the admirable form shown by Tiverton—Mr. Drake and the three brothers de Las Casas—for they defeated Rugby, and made Spring Hill—Captain Heseltine, Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. George Miller,



W. A. Rouch.

MR. GEORGE MILLER.

and Mr. E. Sheppard—work hard before they could qualify for the final. Tiverton actually made the first goal, for the Messrs. de Las Casas, having just saved the goal, managed to pass the ball to Mr. Drake. He had three or four fair shots, the last going through the posts and giving Mr. Sheppard never a chance for a back-hander. There was plenty of galloping now, and the ball sped from goal to goal, Tiverton always having a little the better of each successive struggle. But Mr. Walter Jones was in goal-hitting form, and when the ball was passed to him out of a scrimmage (his side were pressing) he put it through. After half time the steadier play of, and better use of their chances made by, Spring Hill told, and they won, though not easily, by four to two. They deserved to win, for theirs was the better polo on the whole. It was a pity that Tiverton did not survive to the final, for they were clearly the second best team.

There was a great gathering at Mr. Midwood's sale at The Hut, Tabley, Cheshire, to see the dispersal of this famous collection of prize-winners. There is little to regret in this sale, for Mr. Midwood is only selling because of the termination of his lease, and not because he is flagging in his interest in polo pony breeding. Indeed, the sale was a benefit, as it enabled several studs belonging to younger men to obtain some good mares. Mr. Howard Taylor, of Middlewood Hall, Yorks, was fortunate enough to secure *Fine Fleur*, which was bought at Sir James Blyth's sale, and won the championship for Mr. Midwood at the Royal Agricultural Society of England's Show. She brought 100 guineas, and her foal by Rudheath fetched 31 guineas. The mares were nearly all good, and found buyers at prices which were not high. The young stock, and particularly the filly foals, sold well. So much demand is there for animals bred on Polo Pony Society lines for stud purposes that we are not likely to see the best of them in the polo field just yet. It is a good thing, so far as we see, that many people are interesting themselves in riding ponies, but it would be satisfactory too if we could see a few ponies from the studs playing polo.

There is also, as it seems to me, a certain danger that some of the animals may be bred from at too early an age. However, Mr. Midwood had three or four ponies which would be likely to play polo if they were in the right hands, and these brought good prices. Standard, a dark brown or black gelding, fetched 69 guineas. This pony is a fine one and a prize-winner, but it must not be forgotten that, from the polo players' point of view, this was quite as much as ought to be paid for a pony with all his troubles of breaking and schooling before him. Standard is but three years old, therefore the price, though not high, should be remunerative to the breeder. A horse's stock is better witness to his usefulness than either his pedigree or his looks; but neither Rudheath nor Lo Ben, beautiful little horses though they are, impresses me as being quite the sort for polo pony breeding. On the other hand, nothing is more marked than the success of the polo-bred stallion Hurlingham, by Rosewater. Generally speaking, the success of the Polo Pony Society in producing pony-bred sires is remarkable. Still more notable is the success of Rosewater blood in the second generation, as shown by Hurlingham, Sandiway, and Sir R. Green-Price's Shyboy.

The Autumn Tournaments are fixed: Leamington for this week, Rugby for next, and Blackmore Vale for August 18th. The Tring Show, which is an admirable one-day show, is this year particularly strong in polo ponies. Major Egerton Green and Mr. Edward Mucklow are the judges, so there should be strong classes and satisfactory awards.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A THREATENED PLAGUE.

WE seem to be coming within measurable distance of a serious plague of chafers. For some years there has been a marked annual increase of cockchafers in May and summer chafers in July. The cockchafer is rather a handsome insect, but his clumsy buzzing flight at dusk and his horrid habit of clinging tenaciously with all six of his double-hooked claws to whatever he has blundered into, whether a window curtain or a girl's hair, make him a terror to women. The summer chafer has no ornamental chequers on his sides like the cockchafer, and is much smaller; but, being just as buzzy and as blundering and much more numerous than the other, he creates equal alarm. Sometimes you may see an evening game of croquet in July suddenly broken up, and the players fall into frenzied antics of self-defence with croquet mallets against what seems to be a swarm of unusually large and unusually angry bees, whereas all that has happened is that the summer chafers have simultaneously issued forth a quarter of an hour after sunset for their evening's buzz around.

BLUNDERING NUISANCES.

That the chafers, though pests to farm, woodland, and garden, are harmless to one's person, is often hard to believe, from the seemingly vicious persistence with which two or three at once will sometimes try to get at one's head and refuse to be driven off. But, if you look, you will see them similarly "attacking" a post, the gable of a house, or anything else which breaks the skyline. The fact is that the cockchafer at dusk is very nearly blind. Perhaps as the night grows darker he can see more clearly, but so long as there is light enough for you to observe him comfortably he evidently thinks that every large object must be a tree or a bush; and, being fairly catholic in his vegetarianism, his desire always is to settle upon it for a meal, so when the creatures come buzzing horribly round your nose and ears, or strike you a scratchy blow in the face, they are only looking for a convenient twig to settle upon, and it is no use making frantic gestures at them. They only mistake your whirling arms for waving branches. Take steady aim and whack them. You will hear

your smitten persecutors strike the ground yards away with a comfortable thump.

BLIND, BUT NOT IN LOVE.

Some country people believe that chafers must be bred in the planking of houses, because in July at dusk they may be seen night after night rising from the floor and flying to window or lamp in rooms whose doors and windows have been kept closed. This, however, is only another consequence of their blindness. They mistake the chimney-pot for the top of a tree, and in endeavouring to alight upon it, fall down the chimney into the room below, where they crawl about for a while to recover their stunned senses before taking wing. But, however annoying the consequences of their feeble vision may be, chafers, like many other insects, furnish a living contradiction to the proverb that "love is blind." Though they cannot tell a brick wall from a plum tree, a number of males will soon be buzzing and scrambling at the spot where any newly-emerged female has settled, though from that point their courtship is as rude and clumsy as one would expect from their general blundering behaviour.

A MYSTERIOUS POWER.

This power of attraction, which the females of many insects possess to a curious degree, is not yet understood. It cannot be by sight that the male finds them out; but whether it is by scent or sound, too ethereal for our clumsy organs, or by some sense unknown to us, cannot be said. Nor are we even certain as to the organs by which it is exercised, although, judging by the marked difference which often prevails between the antennae, or "horns," of male and female insects, it is probably located in these. One cannot imagine, of course, what a sense which we do not possess is like; but why should not insects enjoy a natural system of wireless telegraphy, the threadlike horns of the female acting as transmitters and the comb-like organs of the male as receivers?

PRICKLY TIT-BITS.

To return, however, to the chafers, which will become a serious plague soon if their present rate of increase is maintained, they illustrate the law of Nature which gives to creatures that are specially good to eat special powers of multiplication. I have no doubt that if we could get over our repugnance to insect food we should find chafers excellent, either fried or curried, and rejoice, as epicures, in their abundance, like the natives of lands where locusts or white ants are periodic plagues. Everything that is big enough, except civilised man, eats chafers, locusts, and white ants, from the lion to the mouse; and it is with manifest joy that a thrush discovers a summer chafer when it has squirmed into the roots of the lawn grass, drags it out, and bolts it whole. Perhaps there is appetising titillation from the hooked claws as they go scraping down the bird's throat; and almost certainly it is with special reference to these hooked claws that the goat-sucker, or nightjar, has a toothed middle claw on each foot. Though the nightjar has a wide and frog-like mouth, a flying chafer is a large object to take down without at least one of its long hooked legs "catching" somewhere. So, when you see the nightjar in July hover in flight and put its foot to its mouth, it is more reasonable to believe that it is unhooking a chafer's leg from its beak than that it has caught a chafer with its foot and is "delivering" it to the mouth, as Gilbert White thought.

GILBERT WHITE'S ERROR.

This error, as it evidently was, has always seemed peculiarly unworthy of Gilbert White, who differed chiefly from previous naturalists because he brought keen powers of observation and shrewd common-sense to bear upon Nature. Anyone who looks at the enormous mouth and the tiny feet of the nightjar—for in these respects the bird resembles an exaggerated swift or swallow—can see that the process of catching an insect with the foot and putting it in the mouth would be a scarcely more absurd inversion than for a cricketer to catch a ball in his mouth and "deliver" it to his hand. Besides, it could only have been in a moment of thoughtlessness that Gilbert White suggested that the nightjar's comb-toothed middle claw might thus be useful in holding captured chafers. The difficulty with a captured chafer is not to hold it, but to make it let go, and a nightjar would find it almost impossible to place a chafer anywhere with its foot. On the other hand, the toothed claw is a perfect little instrument for scraping the edge of the bill free from the chafer's clinging hooks. If, again, the nightjar could catch insects with its feet, you would see the performance equally at all times when the bird is feeding; whereas the gesture of putting the foot to the mouth seems to be seldom, if ever, observable except when the bird is hawking chafers, because its prey at other seasons consists of insects which have not the same clinging power that makes the chafer a very awkward, if a very tempting, morsel.

MORE NIGHTJARS, OWLS, AND KESTRELS WANTED.

If goat-suckers were as common as sparrows, chafers would cease to exist; but these are protected from extermination by our commoner insect-eating birds by their crepuscular habits. The sparrows, like the thrushes, are always delighted to discover a lurking chafer in the daytime; and from the abundance of wing-cases, both of cockchafers and summer chafers, that you find lying about in their seasons, it is plain that birds and mice do yeoman's service against them. But when the chafers are filling the evening air with buzzing shapes that make a misty halo round each tree, almost all the birds are a-bed. The kestrel, it is true, stays up late to make a merry, graceful meal from the swarm; and later still you may half see and half suspect the filmy presence of an owl floating in and out of the chafe-infested foliage. But—thanks chiefly to the mischievous

folly of gamekeepers and game-preservers—kestrels and owls are too rare to be of much use in preventing the multiplication of so ubiquitous a pest.

THE SPARROW'S DECORATION.

And writing of ubiquitous pests reminds one that the sparrows are now preparing for their third brood of this season, and at such times their behaviour is worth watching, if only for the insight which it gives you into the meaning an arrangement of bird's ornamental plumage. Although a cock sparrow is not usually regarded as an ornamental person, he is, if you examine him closely, quite a handsome bird, differing from his dowdy wife in so many details of harmoniously-contrasted colours as to show that Nature has taken no small pains with his clothes. His under-side, which is all that we see of him as he perches above us on branch or water-pipe, is dull grey, it is true; and the flight feathers of his wings, as well as the tail feathers, with the exception of their outer margins, are dull brown, so that he appears inconspicuous enough in flight. But these are the parts which he does not display in courtship; and every other part is tastefully adorned with black, auburn or chestnut, white or lavender-grey.

ANTICS OF COURTSHIP.

When he wishes to excite the admiration of his wife, or, as is more frequently the case, some other sparrow's wife, he seems to spatchcock himself upon the ground, flattening himself down till he appears to have no legs at all, thus hiding the whole of his dull under-side. His wings droop just enough to show off the tinted margins of all the feathers, while his cocked-up tail similarly exhibits only the bright edges of the feathers. His head is stuck upright like his tail, exhibiting alternately, as he hops around with a jerky, mechanical motion, his coal-black necktie and the pretty arrangement of auburn and grey upon his scalp. The upper part of his back and wings presents a variegated expanse of dark brown and chestnut, with bars of yellowish white on either side. Behind this the feathers of the lower part of his back are curiously spread out like a powder-puff, and their delicate lavender-grey contrasts charmingly, as the cock sparrow seems to be very well aware, with the rest of his decorated plumage. So he hops around, in ridiculously stiff attitudes, just in front of the object of his temporary affections, and, as she happens generally to be some other fellow's wife, she responds by making savage dashes at him. But in spite of his posing, the cock sparrow always has his weather eye open, and it is seldom that she can get in a peck, or even stop his tomfoolery.

A FALLACIOUS THEORY.

But, as I have said, this display of the courting cock sparrow is worth watching, because it shows you very clearly that the most valued part of the bird's sexual adornment is the pale lavender-grey on the lower part of his back, since he puffs this out so much that it overlaps the other feathers, and before he flies he has to shake himself to get it all back in place again. Now, this pale colouring of the lower part of the back is one of the commonest characteristics of birds' plumage. In the green woodpecker it is a beautiful yellow; in the bullfinch, snow white; and so on. Because these pale patches are conspicuous in flight, some modern evolutionists, anxious to borrow bits of Darwin's fame, have elaborated a theory that they are "signal colours" intended to guide the young to follow their parent in flight, in the same way that it is supposed that a running rabbit shows white in order to direct its young to the burrow! I think, however, that no one can watch the courting of sparrow, bullfinch, or yellow-hammer without feeling quite sure that Darwin's theory of sexual selection fully explains why this part of a bird's body is so often strikingly paler than the surrounding parts, because the birds evidently attach the highest value to it as a sexual adornment, and make more show of it than of anything else. E. K. R.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THESE are days in which the lives of many insignificant persons are too often embodied in a more or less literary form. The proceeding is harmless, for nobody is compelled by law to read any particular book. Indeed, it is even beneficial, in that it enables small men of letters, of whom I am one, to earn an honest penny from time to time by playing the part of literary monumental masons. But, all the same, to the reviewer who is compelled to read books, it is a comfort, and something more, to come across the account of the life of a real man in the shape of *Lord Strathcona, the Story of his Life*, by Beckles Wilson (Methuen). It is not, perhaps, a biography of the first order. When Mr. Wilson says, "Lord Strathcona's unconquerable modesty and his well-known aversion to publicity have strewn his biographer's path with obstacles," one knows very well that the biographee has wished that the biography might never be written. Folks are apt to be unreasonable in that way, and I know an eminent man, still happily living, who has never been quite so friendly with me as he was before I asked him to supply me with a few particulars for an "obituary notice" of him which will appear some day in a great newspaper. But, all the same, nobody will read this volume without agreeing with the Duke of Argyll that "Lord Strathcona's career has been so conspicuous and noteworthy that it should be brought in its entirety to the knowledge of the public," and with Lord Aberdeen that this book meets "an increasingly felt want." Moreover, nobody will read the book without feeling convinced that Mr. Wilson was right when he "chose to persevere" with the biography, a phrase which obviously suggests that he was asked to do nothing of the kind. Further, everybody, and especially every young man, ought to read this book, for although it might unquestionably have been written better, it contains a magnificent illustration of the manner in which every young Briton carries a millionaire's bank-book in his pocket.

Donald Smith was the son of Highland parents of no very considerable position, and was born in Forres, which is some-

where in Scotland, on August 6th, 1820. He is now a peer of the realm by right of sheer merit, and he has undoubtedly, to quote the Duke of Argyll, done more practical good for the Empire than any other civilian before he accepted an official position. He went out to Canada, poor and almost unknown, in a subordinate position in the Hudson Bay Company. He fought countless struggles against tremendous odds. He was assailed, as all active men are and always will be in this world, by abusive and jealous opponents. He knows now, and all good Canadians know better, that his work for the Empire across the Atlantic has been more valuable than that of any other living man, or for that matter of any dead man either, except perhaps that of the ill-fated Lord Durham. That work, undoubtedly, was the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He who was plain Donald Smith first, Sir Donald Smith later, who is now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, did many useful tasks for his adopted country. In particular he championed the cause of the factors and traders of the great company which he served to the astonishment of the shareholders in London, and in connection with the Riel Rebellion he showed an unflinching courage and tenacity of purpose, combined with a diplomatic recognition of the difficulties of the situation, which were of priceless value. But the best part of his life's work, the inestimable part of it, was his doggedly Scottish persistence in connection with that great institution which is now fondly spoken of as the Canadian Pacific Railway. There are men who grumble now, of course; there will be such men always, as long as the moon endureth. They say that the Canadian Pacific Railway got too good a bargain; they forget that, as I heard Lord Avebury say at a private dinner of Old Etonians in honour of the Lord Mayor the other day, the best of all bargains is that in which both sides make a clear profit. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been the making of Canada, and Canada has been the making of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The railway runs through the heart of the continent like a beneficent stream, fertilising its banks as the Nile does, only in

a different way. Tributary streams run down to it, streams of the wealth which it has created out of what was practically waste. They forget, too, the enormous difficulties under which the enterprise was carried out. The story is really the veritable romance of commerce. Something there was already in the shape of an abandoned railway in Dutch hands:

"Mr. Smith believed that if the abandoned railway could be completed as far as the Canadian border, the Dominion Government would complete the connection to Winnipeg. It was a great opportunity, but to do it required enormous capital, and where should they turn to for it in that era of financial depression? Even the most sanguine capitalists of New York, Boston, and Montreal derided the idea, so scant was their faith in that distant country and its resources that such a railway could be made to pay. Mr. Smith and his companion first induced Mr. James J. Hill to join them, and afterwards—not until 1877—his relation, Mr. George Stephen, a merchant of Montreal. . . . As a young man he had gone to London and entered the employ of Messrs. Pawson, the linen drapers, of St. Paul's Churchyard. He then emigrated to Montreal on the invitation of a relative, and there some years later became a partner in a local firm of drapers. He showed a turn for finance, and with the assistance and advice of his cousin, Mr. Smith, met with success. Both were connected with the Bank of Montreal and kindred institutions, and were of constant mutual assistance to each other.

"The first thing necessary was to negotiate with the Dutch bondholders, who were naturally not averse to obtaining some part of what they believed to be misspent capital.

"These four men, two of them Canadians by birth and two by adoption, by their splendid audacity and courage in raising the project from the ditch in which it had been abandoned by its former promoters, furnished a lesson in finance to the United States and the world that generations of Canadians may point to with pride. The history of the achievement reads like a modern fairy tale; it is certainly worthy of being classed as a romance of railroading. It involved the purchase of more than twenty million dollars' worth of bonds then in the possession of Messrs. Chouet, Weetjins, and Kirkhoven, of Amsterdam, and others. For these payment was to be made within six months from the date of final judgment in the foreclosure proceedings. It was to be made partly in cash and partly in share capital of the company. The bonds were bought at prices ranging from eleven to seventy-five cents per dollar on their par value, and the purchase included all the mortgaged property, together with an immense land grant. If they failed in their engagements the promoters would forfeit the large sum of money deposited in the hands of the trustees."

Trouble came later, and the promoters were at their wits end for capital:

"Both Mr. Stephen and Mr. Smith were obliged to pledge their private fortunes to prevent the work from ceasing. Many are the stories current to-day in Montreal of meetings of the Canadian Pacific Railway Directors at that critical time in the early eighties, when the Board of Directors of what is now the greatest railway in the world used to meet and discuss the tightness of the money market with very blank faces. During one of these conferences Mr. Smith is said to have entered briskly. When he was made aware of the situation, he instantly moved an adjournment.

"It is clear we want money," he remarked drily. "We can't raise it amongst ourselves. Let us come back to-morrow and report progress."

"According to this account, when the Board met on the following day the members regarded each other with dismay; each had the same story to tell of failure, until it came to Mr. Smith's turn.

"I have raised another million," he said slowly, in the characteristic Scotch accent which had never entirely deserted him. "It will carry us on for a bit. When it is spent we will raise some more."

So it was a proud moment for Sir Donald Smith when Sir Charles Tupper said of Canada's National Highway:

"The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith."

It was all done by sheer and dogged Scottish persistence, and it gives one keen pleasure to salute Lord Strathcona and

Mount Royal, philanthropist and Prince of Commerce, as one of its founders.

CYGNUS.

THROUGH no fault of mine the *Quarterly Review* rarely comes in my way. When it does it is always a treat. This time it breaks out into a signed article on Charles Dickens by Mr. Swinburne. The signature is, in my humble judgment, a pity, for greater men than Mr. Swinburne, in prose at any rate, have written for the *Quarterly* before now, and their weight has been the more and not the less felt by reason of their anonymity. It is a violent rather than a sound article. "As there certainly was no Shakespeare and no Hugo to rival and eclipse his glory, he will probably and naturally always be accepted and acclaimed as the greatest Englishman of his generation." This, of course, is sheer exuberance. Supposing Mr. Swinburne to be talking merely of literary greatness, he may be reminded that schoolboys debate upon the comparative merits of Thackeray and Dickens, and that grown men avoid such debates, well knowing that comparisons are really odious. "Acclaimed," too, is sheer nonsense, for if comparison should be made by educated folks, and if they could be polled, I am reasonably certain that a majority would pronounce in favour of Thackeray against Dickens, and would say that Dickens was not a little of a caricaturist who portrayed a generation which has passed away. The

whole of the *Quarterly* is worth reading, and more than that; but the article on "An Imperial Pilgrimage," with which it opens, and that on James Russell Lowell, founded mainly on Mr. Scudder's *Life*, recently reviewed in these columns, may be specially recommended.

Holy Matrimony, by Domitia Gerard (Methuen), is as pleasantly written as all the other books which Miss Gerard, or to give her her present name, Mme. Lougard de Lougarde, has published. It shows, too, as intimate an acquaintance with Continental life as she always displays, but it is a depressing book. Undoubtedly the truths it demonstrates are as unquestionable in England as on the Continent, but let us be thankful that young people are still inclined to marry and to be given in marriage. If the Baroness Brückner's views gained much ground, probably marriage would be eschewed before people decided to revolt against present ideas of what is necessary and correct as a standard of living. The book tells the tale of two sisters, one romantic, named Irene, the other, Bertha, full of common-sense. Irene throws prudence to the winds and marries a comparatively poor man; they have a large family, and poverty comes in at the door, but though love does not fly out of the window, it is sorely tried. Bertha marries for money and without love. The end of Irene's story is happy, owing to the fact that money comes to her husband partly owing to Baroness Brückner, who acts rather as the chorus of the book. The end of Bertha's story is shame and death. The moral is that under existing circumstances no marriage should take place unless wealth and love are to be found together.

Dwellers by the River, Mrs. Campbell Praed (John Long), is a collection of stories of Australian bush life. They are all told by one woman, and so have all some connection with one another. They give a picture of bush life which would make even the most untravelled reader see the fascination of that free, open-air life, with the easy hospitality and comfortable circumstances of the fortunate inhabitants of a head station. The people who show to least advantage

in the book are the statesmen. Could this be mistaken for an account of an English picnic where Ministers were the principal guests? "People made a great noise. Several of the gentlemen, particularly the political ones, had drunk too many toasts; and there was a most undignified Ministerial chorus, in which the members of the Government stood in a row and sang to a hymn tune:

'There is a land of pure delight'—

I forget the next line, but it went on—

'Where roasted pigs run, singing out,
'Come, eat me if you can!'"

Fortunately the stories are more about country life than about town life and political society.

Indiscretions, by Cosmo Hamilton (Treherne), almost tempts me to be epigrammatic. It does not even justify its title.

Gardening for Beginners, by E. T. Cook ("COUNTRY LIFE Library") has reached its second edition, and it will reach many more. It is a thoroughly practical volume, which I have tested with hands bearing traces of Mother Earth, and have never found wanting. Miss Jekyll was a true prophet when she wrote: "Although books on gardening are now many in number there has scarcely as yet been one quite suitable for beginners—that is,



H. Walter Barnett, COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP. 1, Park Side, W.

both fully illustrated and so plain and easy that it does not either alarm or discourage the absolute novice. There are many now who wish to learn, and a simple book that will put them in the right way, and be truly a beginner's book, telling all about gardening in the simple language that all can understand, and describing garden methods and practice in detail, can hardly fail to be welcome and helpful."

ON THE GREEN.

VARIED and humorous are the samples of weather that it has pleased the clerk of that department to serve out to us in the course of the present so-called summer, and last Saturday it was his fancy to indulge us with something like a whole gale of wind, as the sailors call it, which meant that in the many competitions, monthly medals and the rest of them, played on that day many golfers must have been searching the fringes of many greens for Haskells, Kempshalls, and the like valuable property gone astray. *Apropos*, after a careful attempt at estimating the comparative qualities of the two products of inventive America, it appears to me that the Haskell has the better of it. It appears to me to fly further, which is a very great deal in its favour. Curiously enough, although the Kempshall is the more india-rubbery ball, when tested by such crude means as bouncing it on a floor and the like, it seems to take rather harder hitting on the putting green than the Haskell. This is, so far, a point in its favour, but to my mind the only point. After all, perhaps it is not curious that a softer seeming ball should take harder hitting on the putting green, for this was precisely the case with the Eclipse balls, which were softest of all. They took mighty hard hitting with the putter, and were the best balls to putt with that ever have been made. Folks have said that they did not like the Haskell because it made no noise, as compared with the gutty, off the club. The Kempshalls make less. That, however, is a purely sentimental objection. It is a mere matter of use. The Kempshall goes delightfully off the club, but it does not go quite as far as the Haskell. That, at least, is my opinion. As someone once said, in an excess of modesty, "I may be wrong"—but I do not believe I am. In one thing it is quite sure that the Haskell has the advantage—though it only is a matter of detail that can probably be altered—the Haskell is very much better painted.

Herd, the champion, has been touring in his native Scotland. By the by, he won the championship with a Haskell ball. One wonders whether he has been faithful to it on tour. He has not added leaves to his wreath of laurels (this is metaphorical—he does not really play in a laurel wreath) in the course of his tour, but, on the other hand, he has given occasion for one or two others to pick up a leaf or two from his wreath—a greater satisfaction, if golf were an altruistic business. He did, it is true, give Andrew Kirkaldy a sufficient beating by four up and three to play. On the first round played they were all even, but it was a two-round match, and Herd did all the business in the first half of the second round, winning five holes out of the last seven of that first half—out in 37 to Andrew's 44. That settled it. On the whole the play seems to have been moderate—good and interesting, but not sensational. With men of less note than Andrew, the champion has fared less well. Peter Rainford, who used to be at Hoylake and now is at Crieff, seems fairly to have held his own with him. I do not quite understand how they played—whether they reckoned eighteen holes at Crieff and another eighteen at Dornock (not Dornoch), played on the same day, as two matches, or the whole as one match of thirty-six holes. In any case Herd could take little change out of the Englishman. But the man who has come out best on Herd's tour is the Frenchman, Massey, from Biarritz. He did very well in the championship, and in matches since—with Sayers, whom he beat, and others—has shown that he can keep his good form as long as anyone; and he has shown fine pluck. I am the more ready to call attention to his play because from what I saw of his game at Biarritz I hardly thought he would live with the best over here. But he can—he can live with them, and can play a match to the finish as strongly as any of them. If he should win the championship (and he well may), Fashoda would be avenged.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

RACING NOTES.

THE St. Leger promises to be a most interesting race, notwithstanding the withdrawal of Ard Patrick, or I should have said his probable withdrawal, for there seems but little chance of his doing sufficient work to get him quite wound up in time. The victory of Port Blair in the St. George Stakes on Thursday points very strongly to the good form possessed by the Irish colt St. Brendan, who beat him with consummate ease, and last week beat a large field over five furlongs. That a five-furlong race is not a fair test for the St. Leger is undoubtedly true, but St. Brendan has won over longer courses than this. I have not heard anything about Sceptre lately, except that we are likely to see her at Goodwood. If she goes on the right way up to Doncaster she will probably start a good favourite, though the confidence of the Irish division is so strong that there will probably be little to choose between them at the start. Cheers looked better at Sandown than he has ever done before, and if he continues to improve he should have a chance which should not be overlooked, while Rising Glass, with some advantage over him in the weights, should be not far off.

Sport at Leicester was not of much account, and I hear the attendance was very poor, forming a great contrast to Liverpool, where there was a great crowd. Various alterations of the stands and enclosures have been carried out there since the last meeting, but opinions differed a good deal as to whether they did or did not constitute an improvement.

Mr. Gubbins had further cause to lament the death of his favourite St. Florian when his son Rays Cross carried off the Grasmere Welter Handicap, and another of his siring won a race last r on.

In the Molyneux Stakes His Lordship atoned for his defeat at Newmarket by winning in good style from O'Donovan Rossa and The Rafi, steered as on previous occasions by Watts. The St. George Stakes brought out six competitors to run a distance of one mile and three furlongs, and in spite of the fact that Port Blair was giving a lot of weight away he was quickly installed favourite at 6 to 4 on. This was no doubt largely due to the fact that the ready money bettors of Liverpool, and they are many, won their money over him at the Spring Meeting. Their confidence was thoroughly justified, and Port Blair when once in the straight drew rapidly away from his very moderate field and won

easily by a length and a-half, The Gatherer defeating Iceboat by a head for second money. This victory, as I have mentioned above, has an important bearing on the St. Leger.

J. H. Martin was given a very easy ride on Mr. C. T. Pulley's Fariman in the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes. Although not previously seen in public, the son of Gallinule and Belinzona was known to be smart and was very heavily backed at 7 to 4. He had won the race a long way from home. Our Lassie and Countermark had so many admirers that each was momentarily favourite, but the winner left off in most demand. Fariman is a nice-topped, well-built colt, and from the decisive way in which he won should be sure to meet with further success, as he cannot be very far from the first class.

The Knowsley Dinner Stakes only brought out four runners, of whom Glass Jug was justifiably made favourite, but though getting a good place on the rails at the start, she got shut in, and had to come round the outside to secure the lead. This she did, and seemed to be winning very easily, so easily that McCall was obviously unprepared for Halsey's rush on King's Limmer, and got beaten by a short head. Backers had another nasty knock when Wild Night Again, which was backed at 11 to 8, succumbed to Cassine, on whom McCall forced the pace from the start. Mr. Gubbins scored a third success with St. Hubert, a son of Blairründe, who carried off the Seaforth Welter Handicap, thus enabling backers to get back some of their losses, but there was further disaster in store for them, as they quite failed to spot the winner of the Liverpool Cup, which was set for decision next.

Six is a poor field for so good a race as the Liverpool Cup, but no more than that number faced the starter. The friends of Fighting Furley were very keen on his chance, as they thought the handicapper had only estimated him as a very moderate horse, an estimate in which the result proved the handicapper to be right. Fighting Furley must have been a very expensive horse to his friends. Glasalt, who has previously shown a liking for this course, challenged Congratulation at the distance, and, shooting to the front, won by two lengths. The judicious course taken in the spring with this mare seems to have entirely cured her of the jadedness which previously threatened to ruin her racing career.

The bloodstock sale at Cobham showed buyers a little more ready to bid than they were at Newmarket in the July weeks, but prices were on the whole poor. Collar, who has recently been brought back from South Africa, was shown in saddle in the ring, but was unsold, partly from the condition that if sold he should stand for next season at Cobham. Buyers do not like being hampered with conditions. Collar is by St. Simon out of Ornament, Sceptre's dam, and own sister to Ormonde. That his subscription is rapidly filling is not surprising. Two nice young Trentons, out of Blow and Fast, each brought 500 guineas and looked well worth the money.

Another sale is worthy of notice, not because of the prices realised, but because it marks the break-up of one of the most noted studs in the kingdom—that of Mr. Grahame of Yardley. There have been many great horses bred at this stud, such as Sterfing, Isonomy, and Prestonpans, and it is a distinct loss that so good a judge as Mr. Grahame should have been obliged by failing health to relinquish a pursuit he loved so well.

MENDIP.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OSMASTON MANOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE for July 12th, 1902, a false impression will certainly be given that Sir Andrew Walker was the founder and builder of Osmaston Manor. Will you let me correct this? The nucleus of the manor property was the fishing cottage with the beautiful hillside across the upper lake which belonged to Mr. John Beresford of Ashbourne, and came to his nephew, Mr. Francis Wright, who had married the eldest daughter of Sir Henry FitzHerbert of Tissington. I can well remember walking with my father and mother when they looked for the site of a new manor house. The old house was but a barn-like structure, which stood near the present village avenue gates, and was accidentally burned down. This new site they finally found on what was then a field of turnips, and they marked it by alignment with a tall poplar, which stood over the Bell Well. Mr. and Mrs. Wright were to a great extent their own architects, with the help of Mr. Stevens of Derby. They planned the gardens, the terraces; they formed the three lower lakes; for the rockwork they employed Mr. Milner, and the famous Mr. Pouty, who figured as a chief landscape gardener of the first half of the last century, was consulted, but after he had cut a cruel gash in the skyline of Shirley Park Woods, his advice was not further followed, and my father and mother planted and thinned as their excellent taste inclined. Sir Andrew, then Mr. Walker, bought the estate of my eldest brother, and your article seems to uphold his wisdom in leaving the main features as he found them. I cannot in any one of your excellent engravings see a building or a planting which does not represent the work of Francis and Selina Wright, and which their successive and able head-gardeners, Mr. Lamb and Mr. Harrison, did not take a pride in nursing; the noble wapiti alone is a newcomer upon the scene. With which motto shall I close this curt letter—"Palmarum qui meruit ferat," or "Sic transit gloria mundi"? I have, however, hopes that you will insert this rectification in your next issue.—F. BERESFORD WRIGHT, Wootton Court, Warwick.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Comparisons are odious—they are more often foolish; and I must draw your attention to a recent article in COUNTRY LIFE on the subject of "Constable's Drawings," in which your contributor compares Constable and Sargent, to the detriment of the latter. In my whole experience I have never read anything to equal such a comparison of contrasts. One might as well compare the drawings of Claude Lorraine to De La Tour or Manet. I am perfectly aware of the Constable drawings at South Kensington, but the existence of his drawings does not in any way imperil Sargent's position as the greatest portrait painter of modern times.—PHILIP TREHERNE.

[We forwarded this letter to our contributor who replies: "I am much obliged to you for forwarding me the letter from your correspondent referring to some remarks of mine in an article on Constable's drawings in your last week's issue. It affords me the opportunity of pointing out to your correspondent that though he may in his childhood have been taught the trite maxim

'comparisons are odious,' in matters concerning art criticism the aphorism scarcely applies. It is through comparisons alone that we are able to form any just estimate of an artist's merits. Through comparison we discover the peculiar 'virtue' of individual talent—in how far it falls short of the greatest that has been achieved, in how far it triumphs in some qualifications peculiar to itself; and it is precisely because people do not make comparisons that such virtuosity of the brush as Mr. Sargent's is referred to by the public and by his countrymen as great portraiture. Your correspondent seems to object to a comparison being made between contrasts so great as Constable's drawings and Mr. Sargent's portraits. The Constable drawings are an admirable example of what may be expressed by form as distinct from colour; for this reason I drew attention to the characterisation and portraiture of every tree, of every blade of grass, drawn by Constable, as compared with the summary, careless brush strokes of a Sargent portrait—for though there may be many ways of painting, drawing is drawing all the world over. I may add that to draw a comparison between schools so opposed as those of Claude Lorraine and Manet and Degas would be an extremely interesting undertaking; we should then arrive at some approximate idea of the essential distinction between the Old Masters' views of art and those of the modern Impressionist School."—ED.]

A MOUSE'S HOARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if you have had before an illustration of a mouse's larder. This represents a sunny grass bank, 40yds. from a kitchen garden. The owner of the hole in the illustration had accumulated all these stones, presumably last summer, and rolled them away as he ate out the kernels. One had apparently germinated at the entry of the hole. The amount of stones



thus stored must have been fabulous. Presumably they were picked up in autumn under large trees on a kitchen garden grass plot, representing fallen fruit. It seems to me a curious thing.—E. K. PEARCE.

"ANIMUS REVERTENDI."

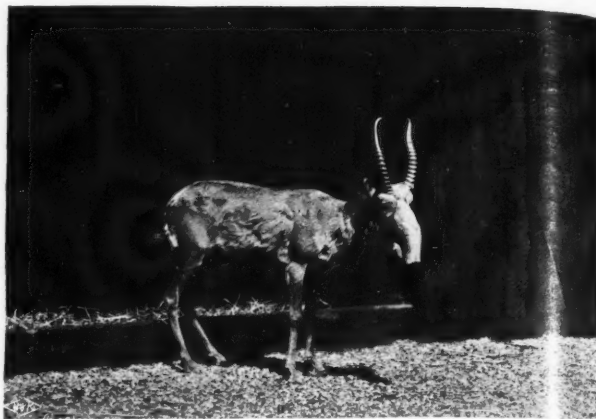
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An account of my Aberdeen terrier's trip to London may interest your readers (name, Toddy). He always appears to miss me if I am away for a few days, when attentions from other members of my family are not fully appreciated. Last month I was away for four days, much to his regret, and on Sunday morning he disappeared. On Monday evening a gentleman wrote that Toddy had followed him to Neasden, and brought him back with the following explanation: He was in the employ of the Metropolitan Railway, and coming home by a late train from Baker Street on Sunday night in the guard's van he asked the guard what dog he had there. The guard replied that the dog had come up (alone) by an earlier train to Baker Street, and on arrival at the terminus had run up the stairs into the street. He then came back and got into the guard's van, but the train only went as far as Neasden, where the finder lived; there he went up the stairs and rubbed his nose against his fellow-traveller's leg and was asked to accompany him home, where he was well received, and my name on his collar led to his identification and return the following day. He had often been with me by train, but never to Baker Street.—E. A. E., Rickmansworth.

A SAIGA ANTELOPE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to enclose a photograph of a saiga antelope, in case it should be of sufficient interest to your readers to publish it. I am not aware of any



photograph or drawing from life of this animal having appeared before.—M. BEDFORD, Woburn Abbey, Bedford.

THE SPARROW AGAIN!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not suppose it will do any good, or that even the high authority of COUNTRY LIFE will have influence sufficient to restrain or prevent a repetition of like ravages, but I must enter yet one more word of protest, in addition to the many that already have appeared in your columns, on the misbehaviour of the common—alas, too common—sparrow. Really he is unfit to be a citizen of a civilised country. I had a pair of house-martins that had built their mud house, and were inhabiting it peacefully, beneath the eaves of my small mansion. Below them, in a rose tree trailed against the wall, a pair of fly-catchers had built a neat nest, and were settling up house-keeping—delightful little birds, sent by a beneficent providence to eat our flies. But by what providence were the pair of house-sparrows sent who came truculently and ousted the house-martins from their dwelling under the eaves? Then, not content with this, they must needs chase away the utterly unoffending fly-catchers from their nest below, pull their nest to pieces, and take up the fragments to complete, according to their own ideas of comfort, the mud house of the martins. So these two now are exiled from their quiet homes by one and the same pair of sparrows, and instead of two neat nests, each after its kind, there is the amorphous affair of a martin's nest with the pickings and stealings of a fly-catcher's nest bulging out from the mud door. Our two families of insectivorous birds are chased away by the tyranny of the impertinent and worse than useless sparrow. Of course, we can make the sparrow pay the penalty of his misdeeds by destruction of his nest when the season is so far advanced that he is not likely to repeat his offences this year, at least; but that will not give us back our martins and our fly-catchers, nor rid us of the host of flies and other insects that these pleasant little birds would have eaten for us. There are no words to convey one's sense of the perpetual outrages of the sparrow. No wonder that America occasionally says hard things of us who have sent her such a gift as "the English sparrow."—H. G. H.

A MOATED HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I note your request for photographs of old moated houses, and have pleasure in sending you one which I have just taken. It is that of the fine old manor house called Martholme, on the left bank of the Calder in Lancashire, which at this point is crossed by the L. and Y. Railway viaduct. Martholme is the ancient seat of the Heskeths, and although there is a good deal of it remaining, namely, the arched entrance, the court-house, and behind that the hall, at one time it was even larger. The arched gateway bears date 1607. This gateway opens into an outer courtyard, which leads to another circular arched gateway, surmounted by moulded mullioned windows. The panel above this arch shows the armorial insignia of the Heskeths, with the initials "T. H.," and date "1561." Only recently, through its giving way, the broad low arched fireplace, 11ft. wide and 6ft. deep, has had to be taken down, unfortunately. Traces of the moat are well seen, particularly on the west side, but are now grass-grown and used for the peaceful grazing of cattle. Sir Robert Hesketh served Henry VIII. in France, and it is recorded that "For his valoure, forwardness, actyvitie, and good service theare was knighted by the King's own hand, with great countenance, and many good wordes."—W. H. KNOWLES.

